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MEN AND WOMEN will differ as to the usefulness of trusts and whether we should or should not oppose the tendency to enormous combinations, but as long as our laws are what they are everyone must rejoice that the Government has acted promptly and well in bringing about the consent decree under which the two-billion-dollar bread trust is ordered to dissolve within thirty days and to surrender its charter to the State of Maryland. This combination was meant to be much more than a bread trust. Had it been allowed to go unchallenged it would, according to the statements of its organizers, have gone beyond the making of bread into the field of milk, butter, eggs, yeast, etc. In other words, it was the beginning of a national food trust. As such it had to be grappled with, and it is to the credit of the Government that it refused for one moment to be fooled by those terms of the charter under which it was represented as a "corporation with a soul," intended to use its excess profits for the advancement of the American child. We are, of course, aware that consent decrees have not always worked in the past to the benefit of the public; the dissolution of the Standard Oil into its component parts remains a monument to the difficulty the Government encounters when it tries to check these combinations. But we repeat that as long as it is the policy of Congress to oppose these trusts, so long they must be met with all possible celerity and power. No one can believe that the two-billion-dollar bread trust would have stopped there. Since each dollar's worth of stock of the original Ward company has increased in paper value 1,350 times since 1916, it is only reasonable to suppose that we gradually should have been face to face with an organization controlling the bulk of the food supplies of the American people.

BY FOUR VOTES Smith W. Brookhart has been deprived of his seat in the Senate and has gone back to Iowa to contest again next fall. Thus he has been punished for denouncing Coolidge in the last presidential campaign. Of course, we are aware that the President insists that he did not use his influence to unseat Mr. Brookhart, but his Man Friday, Senator Butler of Massachusetts, was one of the sixteen Republicans voting to seat the Democrat, Captain Steck. With him voted such well-known reactionaries as Dale, Gillett, Ernst, Green, Warren, McLean, and Watson. Nine of the Democrats, including Dill, Reed of Missouri, Walsh, and Wheeler, voted for Brookhart. The Coolidge victory may turn out to be anything but that in the long run. Many Iowa Republicans believe that a contest between Cummins and Brookhart next fall will seat a second Democrat from the State in the Senate. We are not so sure of that; the action of the Senate will make a strong appeal to the sentiment of the Progressive Republicans in Iowa, and especially to the farmers, of whom Brookhart is one and for whom he has battled from the moment that he entered the Senate. All in all, we feel that the Senate has lost a valuable member, and we agree with Senator Reed of Missouri that the evidence favored Brookhart. As Senator Reed pointed out, Brookhart was generous enough to withdraw his challenge of 1,163 wrongly marked Steck ballots. Senator Steck, however, while accepting this generous act, insisted on challenging 1,334 ballots which were marked in a precisely similar manner for Brookhart.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY. The police of Passaic, New Jersey, charged upon and dispersed several thousand orderly children marching with placards proclaiming their own and their parents' wrongs. Then they arrested the strike leader, Albert Weisbord, held him incomunicado in jail, and set his bail at the ruinous figure of $30,000. Then, by means of one of those ancient forgotten statutes for which New Jersey is famous, Bergen County was turned into a closed camp under "riot law," with the sheriff as virtual dictator. Seventy policemen, detectives, and deputy sheriffs, armed with riot guns, assailed a crowd of strikers picketing the Forstmann and Huffmann mills in Garfield, broke heads, and arrested members of the crowd—miraculously lighting upon the most important leaders still out of jail, holding them in $10,000 bail apiece. The police have warned the outside world to keep away from Bergen County. A glorious victory indeed—but the war is not yet over. If the authorities of Bergen County choose to fight the mill-owners' battles by arresting strike leaders and piling up

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bail beyond the ability of the strikers to raise, they will find their jails swamped beyond the power of Bergen County to take care of the flood. Strike sympathizers and all friends of justice and fair play should meet New Jersey's riot law by organizing a citizens' march ten thousand strong to invade Bergen County and let the police and the mill owners and the authorities know that they cannot break a legitimate strike by Cossack tactics and the exercise of thuggery.

THE STRIKE of 12,000 fur workers in New York City reveals how little has been done to protect the workers in the richest center of so hazardous an industry. The union offers statistics to show that the workers are scrapped before their time, 85 per cent being under forty years of age and only 4 per cent being over fifty. These figures may mean little more than that the industry is in the exuberant youth of a new growth. It is only within the last three or four years that the all-fur coat has become a usual item in the feminine wardrobe and that fashion has decreed fur trimming as almost essential for cloth coats, summer or winter. The old fur sets of neck pieces and muffs, which could be counted on to endure for years, have been supplanted by this more transitory clothing. The union's age statistics, therefore, may describe only the recent extensive drawing on young workers to meet this increase in the demand for furs. But the now general wearing of furs means for the most part a use of cheap and dyed material, with a corresponding increase in the danger to the health of the workers, as indeed to that of the wearers. An examination of the workers this year by the Union Health Center, compared with the report of the New York City Health Department in 1915, shows an increase of 80 per cent in nose and throat troubles and of no less than 145 per cent in bronchitis and asthma. Furs are dyed with the aid of such powerful and poisonous chemicals as ursol, arsenic, and lead. It is a curious paradox that the fur manufacturers are the most highly organized industry in the city in the matter of philanthropies, with a "fur chest" which cares for their contributions to charitable organizations. Yet in matters which immediately affect the lives of their own workers they are guilty of dangerous neglect.

THE EMBATTLED DIRECTORS of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in our colleges are not hesitating to use every weapon at their command to save themselves and compulsory military drill for university students. Although they are employees of the War Department and not responsible to the university administration, they are frequently more powerful than professors and deans. At the University of Iowa, to take one illustration, Colonel Morton C. Mumma, head of the R. O. T. C., is almost as important a figure on the campus as the president. The students have been made to feel his power since he has been serving as chairman of the university committee which disciplines students. Iowa's leading newspaper, the Des Moines *Register*, in opening a campaign against the militarizing of the State colleges, complains that "at Iowa City practically nothing can be done in a big university way that Colonel Mumma does not take it in charge as a military ceremonial." At the University of Wyoming the head of the R. O. T. C. is the leading member of the committee on speakers for student convocations. Recently he vetoed a compulsory student assembly for an anti-military speaker although he had twice used student convocations this year for military propaganda. At Ames, Iowa, an order inspired by the R. O. T. C. officers forbade the students in public-speaking classes to carry through a scheduled debate on compulsory military training.

BUT IN SPITE of the efforts of the officers, the R. O. T. C. is losing ground in many colleges. Anti-compulsory-drill leagues are springing up all over the country and the War Department is giving way under the attack. Students in Ohio and California are preparing to carry the fight to the voters. At the universities of Washington, Oregon, and Minnesota it is now much easier for a student to gain exemption from military drill than it was a year ago. At Minnesota many of the students are excused from drill for several weeks each term and all are excused from wearing uniforms during part of the course. The next great difficulty in the campaign against conscription in the colleges is in reaching the intrenched trustees. The control of our universities is so remote from faculties and students that the pro-military business men who comprise the boards of trustees can safely ignore their opinions. After a protest against the R. O. T. C. in a student publication in the University of Hawaii the regents met in solemn stupidity and unanimously approved of continuing the existing system of military training. Who cares what the faculty and students think? Probably the majority of college professors, and certainly the majority of students and voters in the United States, are opposed to compulsory militarism in time of peace. But the trustees run the colleges. This fight against compulsory military training will be worth while if it does nothing else than call attention to the grotesque method of control in our educational system, a government of intellectuals by business men. A functional, democratic control of our colleges in which faculty and students determined educational policy would make compulsory military training and other monstrosities impossible.

HENRY FORD has published his latest balance sheet, as of December 31, 1925. It decidedly strengthens the claim that he is the richest man in the world. The assets of the Ford Motor Company are now put at $742,914,000, liabilities are relatively negligible, and the surplus is no less than $622,367,000—the greatest corporate surplus ever accumulated since capitalism came into being. The surplus of the United States Steel Company is $521,863,000—a full $100,000,000 less. There are 172,645 shares of the Ford Motor Company outstanding, all held within the family. The latest Wall Street estimate is a value of $6,000 per share. Multiplying $6,000 by 172,645, we get the staggering total of $1,035,870,000 as the family equity in the company. This figure is a third greater than the total reported assets, but based on earning power it is by no means too great. Mr. Ford gives us no profit-and-loss account, but it is possible to estimate his profits from the balance sheets at the beginning and the end of the year. The estimate for 1925 would be:

Increase in corporate surplus	$79,891,000
Dividends (1924 basis)	14,670,000
Good-will written off during year	20,517,000
Total estimated profit, 1925	$115,078,000

This is the equivalent of $667 per share of stock outstanding, and thus on an ultra-conservative 10 per cent basis Wall Street's estimate of $6,000 per share would seem to be justi-

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fied. Meanwhile the profit of $115,000,000 is the equivalent of $55 each for the 2,103,578 cars and trucks built during the year. The $28,000 with which Ford started in 1903 has snowballed to a cool billion.

> SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—Children attending schools in California cannot be asked to write essays on the subject of communism, Attorney General U. S. Webb ruled today. Webb held the writing of such essays would necessitate a study of a subject which is taboo in this country.

THIS is an Associated Press report. It illustrates anew the loss of freedom of speech. American school-children may not be asked to write on communism! Next it will be socialism, or cooperative government, or the international organization of the world, or anything else that does not appeal to one of our petty officials. Probably Attorney General Webb is not aware that the United States has been the scene of as many—if not more—communistic experiments as any other land; that communism was the basis of early human life; that Jesus Himself advocated many communistic principles; that traces of it are all through the Bible. We can see no more reason for refusing to allow children to study it than to deny them the right to study fascism as practiced in Italy. The very fact that a high State official can take such a position in the United States without universal denunciation is proof that others besides Mussolini are wiping their feet on the prostrate form of Liberty.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S housing bill has emerged after its mauling by the Republicans of the Legislature of New York State. It might be worse. All of the Governor's main provisions are retained except the creation of the State Housing Bank. Some believe that the deletion of this provision nullifies the whole program. The Governor does not seem to think so. He appears to be relieved that anything remains at all, but he is careful to point out that as it stands it is the Republicans' bill, not his own. On the whole it is a victory for the Governor. Under normal circumstances the Republicans would have utterly smothered any such threat against the embattled Babbittry of the State. But so great was the support tendered the Governor—including that of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—so passionate and so public were the pleas for housing relief at the hearings, that the Republicans simply did not dare to disregard the writing on the wall. They have accepted the amended measure with an eye on the next election. They will claim that the Governor's "socialism" has been disinfected out of it. Whether the disinfecting process has destroyed all else of value remains to be seen.

GOOD NEWS does sometimes come out of Washington, and it is of the best that the difficulties with Mexico over land and oil questions appear to be cleared away by the ten long-promised American and Mexican notes and memoranda made public in Washington and Mexico City on April 11. It is officially stated that the major American objections to the Mexican land and oil policies have been removed. Whether this has been due to an enforced yielding by Mexico to improper demands, we shall discover when the full text of the notes becomes available. Meanwhile we should like to take the press summaries at their face value. For there has been every evidence not only of abuse of power in Washington but of a determined hostile propaganda against Mexico. Anything, therefore, which eases the situation and tends to prevent a break is warmly to be acclaimed—even if it is but a temporary easement and the price is high. For we are still of the opinion that the Calles Government is the best Mexico has had, and our latest information confirms us in the belief that what Mexico needs most is to be let alone to work out her own salvation.

> Mexico's government is chronically on the verge of bankruptcy. . . . The natural resources of Mexico—agriculture, cattle, mining, and oil—are not developed to one-twentieth their possible output. . . . Mexico could support 50,000,000 persons in plenty where now the vast majority of its 14,250,000 live in wretched misery. . . . The wiping out of the boundary would be a blessing to Mexico, a benefit to the United States and to the world. How long this barrier can stand between dire need of capital on one side and natural demand on the other depends upon the patience of the Americans. A war may be necessary to remove this obstruction to economic advancement. All wars are born of stupidity, and this one would be more than usually stupid since the same results could be obtained by friendly cooperation. If war comes, Mexico will be the winner. Her government and her armies will fall, but her people will be infinitely more prosperous and happier.

WHAT AN ADMIRABLE sentiment for a magazine named *Liberty*, where we find it in the form of an editorial leading the issue of April 17! The expression is in better accord with the motto of the publication, which is borrowed from Stephen Decatur via the Chicago *Tribune:* "Our country, right or wrong." And, it might be added, the magazine is also always for big business and the profits system, right or wrong. From comfortable trenches in New York and Chicago the editors and owners can weather a war fought by other persons, and when it is over and the Mexicans have all been put to work in factories turning out profits for Wall Street there will be more young women yearning for the Turkish cigarettes, silk hosiery, and beauty creams whose advertising makes *Liberty* (we are talking about the magazine) profitable; there will be more young men clamoring after smart collars, corn cures, hair restorers, and other blessings of civilization which a great, popular magazine serves to spread.

THAT STRANGE PRODUCT, the tabloid or picture newspaper, has been discussed in the columns of *The Nation* and elsewhere. But one surprising fact about it has not been mentioned. Two women were talking in a New York subway recently. Said one: "Oh, I forgot to get the *Graphic* for the children. They will be so disappointed." "Yes," said the other, "they do enjoy the pictures so much, don't they?" Since then we have witnessed several purchases by kind parents of one or the other of the picture papers for sons or daughters of ten years of age and up. The child has at last found a funny paper which comes out every day instead of Sunday only and is no doubt much funnier than any of the old-fashioned sheets. A murder or a divorce vividly portrayed with a background of shapely chorus girls is much more interesting and close to life than the adventures of the Katzenjammer Kids. Then too it is so instructive! Thus, by the picture method, which is the easiest for the young mind, any child will have acquired at fifteen a complete education in crime and scandal that will remain with him through life.

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Our Faltering Faith in Democracy

WHY is it that the faith in democracy of so many Americans falters? It is only eight years since we were risking our all to make the world safe for democracy. Now, wherever one goes, one hears doubts. Every catchword, every high-sounding phrase of war days has disappeared. On either hand are frank envy of the Italian and Spanish dictatorships, disgust with the shortcomings of parliamentarism and the ardent wish that Congress could be prorogued for years or altogether abolished, and a total loss of faith in the wisdom of the multitude. Every altruistic appeal for pure democracy falls on deaf ears; political progress languishes because so many have, for the hour, lost interest in matters political.

The intense hatred against the Soviets is based not on their being run as an undemocratic oligarchy but because they oppose the institution of private property. A distinguished and titled foreigner who has just returned to Europe is telling people over there of his surprise in finding Mussolini the most popular man in the homes of the wealthy he visited here. Business everywhere worships Mussolini because he frankly says that he "wipes his feet on liberty," that "the old liberal democracy is dead," and because he is the apostle of efficiency and of doing things.

Now, the interesting thing is that this obvious loss of the old American faith for which our men are supposed to have died in France is coincident with a greater effort to teach patriotism and to compel loyalty to the ideals of America than we have ever before witnessed. Our schoolchildren are compelled daily to salute the flag, to chant an oath of loyalty, to swear fealty to the Constitution, to write essays about it, to believe that it is the summation of human achievement in politics. They are marshaled into patriotism on Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday, the Fourth of July, Flag Day, Navy Day, and some on Defense Day. When they get to college they have patriotism inculcated into them in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps by excellent imitations of the Kaiser's goose-stepping lieutenants.

We have all but stopped immigration, and a hundred different agencies are at work Americanizing the foreign-born who are here. And while we Americanize them the prosperous and pedigreed Americans, the old stock itself, more and more lose faith in the fundamentals which the Americanizers are teaching. We regiment and we machine-make the products of our public schools and teach them, in so far as they think at all, to think alike and to believe absolutely in the existing social, political, and economic order; and then we find the descendants of the earliest settlers joining Elbert Gary in praying for a Mussolini in the White House and in showing utter indifference to our daily violations of some of the oldest American traditions and of the Constitution itself.

Well, the explanations are numerous. In the very effort of idolizing the founders, the warriors and statesmen of the past, we forget to inculcate the *spirit* of our institutions. We tell the children that they must worship Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Lincoln and Grant, and never tell them why. Abstract liberty is not put upon a pedestal; democracy is not taught as *democracy*. Every effort is made to induce the oncoming generation to accept their elders' appraisal of our country, and never to rouse their curiosity to ascertain what is behind our institutions, lest they discover that there is something wrong with them or in some way imbibe an admiration for another kind of government. And yet, per contra, there are none so afraid for our government as the fiercest of our Americanizers and our standardizers. Let one poor Bolshevist knock at our doors and they see the end of the American republic. They would prevent, if they could, the slightest discussion of communism lest somebody like it better than our own forms of administration. Hence, they insist upon everybody's believing with them and forget to make it clear why they should believe and what the basis for each belief is. They have developed a form of ancestor worship which can brook no protest and no apostasy.

But while they worship the ancestors, they themselves forget, if they ever knew, what those ancestors severally stood for. So they are filled with horror when a Rupert Hughes says that George Washington was like every other prosperous gentleman of his time, a good sport who liked his dance, his song, his wine, and dared to be interested in women. The leaders of the movement to purchase Monticello have appealed for public support because they believe it to be a patriotic act to exalt Thomas Jefferson now that the republic is menaced by bolshevism, completely forgetting, if they ever knew, that Thomas Jefferson preached physical revolution against the government every twenty-five years and otherwise uttered sentiments which would place one in jail were one to call oneself a Socialist or Bolshevist and utter them publicly in some of our cities today. Finally, we have a country sunk in materialism which is perfectly willing to go through patriotic forms and to let it go at that, provided that no tradition and no politician and no Congressman and no President interfere with the gentle art of making money in the largest possible quantities in the least possible time.

The fact is that the more we regiment the less patriotic we really are likely to be, the more we shall pull away from the spiritual thing which is America. That can with great difficulty be put into words, because it is a conglomeration of a great many things, such as tolerance and good-will and justice and fair play, honest dealing with one's fellow-men, true liberty, true equality, and genuine fraternity. Patriotism is not a thing that can be bought nor can it be forced into people without its nature undergoing a chemical change in the process. When it is so forced in, it becomes as much of a drudgery as compulsory drill or enforced churchgoing. True patriotism is something that sprouts almost of its own accord. It is nurtured by gratitude, not by favors received at the hands of a privilege-bestowing government—by equality of opportunity and equality of justice. Given these things in America and the democratic faith is saved. Yet it is those who bask most in the government's sunshine, those who are protected and advantaged at the expense of their countrymen, who insist on patriotism by prescription, like so many allopathic pills. They are the ones who cheered loudest for the war to safeguard democracy and now, admitting, as they do, that it had nothing whatever to do with democracy, wonder, perhaps, that democracy has so few friends among themselves.

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The Stick of the Rocket in Florida

DID you ever see one of those Potash and Perlmutter gentlemen in high black shoes and a pair of white knickers draped to show not over four inches of leg? You ought to see them in Miami. Did you ever observe the face of a Lawrence, Massachusetts, funeral director, who had sunk all he had in the world, including his carfare home, to make the first payment on a $30,000 lot, with a second payment almost due, and nobody to sell it to at any price? Did you ever see a shiny new street and a shiny new sidewalk and a shiny new lamp-post "go native," and sink into the jungle? Did you ever hear the whirring of wings in the night as the boom-buzzards—those realtors who pick the carcass of every land boom from San Diego to Long Island—set forth on a new migration? One could hardly sleep these winter nights in Florida for the noise they made. Now one can rest quietly, for they all have gone.

Perhaps it may be predicted that Florida marks the last great Boom; the last magnificent flowering of the pioneer, drunk with the unravished riches of a continent. With what is left of the riches so admirably hogtied, one is somewhat at a loss to know just where to turn for another frenzied, wholesale, free-for-all Boom.

Is this last great flowering of the American spirit completely deflated? No. Competent and impartial reports from the front—such as Mr. Lindley has been giving us in the New York *World*—show that the realities of climate, of soil, of sunshine, of genuine recreation, which lie at the base of the Florida sky-rocket, are, by and large, holding their own; what has collapsed is the resplendent and picaresque efflorescence. The "binder boys" are gone; the gaudy blue-print subdivisions are sinking into the sands; one fears the "bird-doggers" are again looking for education at the hands of Broadway butter-and-egg men.

Building statistics for the first three months of 1926 indicate an even larger volume of new construction than in 1925. The agricultural and industrial possibilities of the State are being unceasingly developed. Almost every city on the coast is creating or enlarging a harbor. But speculative trading in real estate—buying to sell again and double-your-money-in-forty-eight-hours—came to an end late last fall.

To date, the post-boom period has been characterized by stagnation of the retail market more than by a decline in prices. Hundreds of thousands of lots in outlying subdivisions are, of course, worthless. But even where the land has legitimate use value, though prices are holding up, they are certainly not increasing, and resales are difficult to make. The present titular owners are faced with a serious problem. They planked down their first payment at peak prices. The land is theirs. The second payment falls due in six months. Long before this ominous date they had hoped to resell at a profit and so meet the second payment. Meanwhile, in November and December, the boom broke under them. Most of them cannot resell, even if they are willing to take a loss, and many of them took all their savings to make the first payment. Six months from the end of the boom—say by June—comes a fearful "day of reckoning for the greater bulk of speculative purchasers." There is a vast scrambling for cash, but the canny Florida banks have their surplus on call in New York. So mortgages on high-class real estate in many parts of Florida can be bought for 60 cents on the dollar. "Large developers are hastily seeking financial assistance in the North." Meanwhile many of the subdivisions laid out on *good* land, and duly equipped with pavements, street lights, water, and sewers, seem unlikely to be inhabited for some time to come. "Nine-tenths of these lots are held by speculators. The tenth man, who bought with the intention of building, is reluctant to do so until he sees somebody else doing it." But in many of the sounder developments a great deal of building is going on—and will go on.

In the heart of the citrus region around Winter Haven at least an eighth of all the growing orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees have been ruthlessly destroyed to make room for subdivisions which the shoe-string realtors sold on blue print, which are now a drug on the market, which nobody will ever live in. But what are rippling fruit trees, reared lovingly and long, when go-getters in white knickers have the smashing of sales resistance in hand?

However Florida survives her boom, she is destined to carry in her land values to perpetuity all the swag and the boodle, all the waste and the fireworks, all the commissions and the white pants and the Rolls-Royces with which the happy speculators—as distinct from those now stuck—have departed.

Down to the Sea in Yachts

THE dinner given by the Cruising Club of New York on April 14 to Harry Pidgeon, the Los Angeles photographer who sailed his thirty-four foot yawl some thirty-five thousand miles around the world, single handed, during the last four years, together with the Club's award of a medal, calls attention again to the increasing number of people who risk the dangers of the deep in small boats. To stimulate this sport is the purpose of the Cruising Club, which awards its Blue Water Medal every five years for the most courageous instance of small-boat navigation during that period.

While Mr. Pidgeon insists that "nothing really happened during the 1,442 days of his lonely cruise," no one must think that there are no risks run in such an enterprise, even in well-found small craft of auxiliary power built for the purpose and as far as possible equipped for every contingency.

Of the two small yachts that left Scandinavian waters for the United States in 1924, one, the Lief Ericson, owned and captained by W. W. Nutting, which sailed from Greenland on September 8, was lost with all hands; the other, the Shanghai of F. De Witt Wells of New York City, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia on August 26, the crew escaping only by a miracle. Latterly two stories have appeared in the press of happenings off our own shores to prove that not even the best found of yachts is beyond risks. One was the tale of the Cutty Sark, the beautiful schooner owned by Alexander Smith, which found itself in distress off the Virginia Shoals despite its auxiliary engine and the fact that it had recently been thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date without thought of expense. The other told of the loss of the Calliope, wrecked on the northern Florida coast on March 15. In this case, however, it appears that the owner of this 55-foot schooner and his two

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paid hands took unnecessary chances in that they left Miami in a hard breeze and in the face of northeast storm warnings. At eleven o'clock that night the mainsail blew out and other gear carried away. For two days they kept the engine going until the gasoline gave out. They were then given a towline by a tug and when that parted they anchored in a very heavy sea. Next the anchor cable broke, after which there was nothing to do but to let the ship go ashore, where she became a total loss.

In this case there is considerable question whether the boat was properly and wisely handled. In the case of the Cutty Sark, her troubles grew out of the loss of her rudder. A couple of days later she was picked up and towed in after her passengers and crew had had a most uncomfortable time. That she is a properly sea-going craft appears from the fact that she is 147 feet long, has a beam of 26 feet, and is engined by two-hundred-horse-power six-cylinder Winton Diesel engines, installed in 1924, with direct electric drive. With this equipment she has been able to go through severe storms without the slightest difficulty on various cruises. But a rudderless ship, however well found, is more or less at the mercy of the ocean, whether with or without engines. So not even the best of cruising yachts like this can avoid all the risks of the sea. Whether the voyager traverses the ocean in a tiny craft of the size of Captain Slocum's Spray or in the Cutty Sark, experience and skill and knowledge must stand at the helm. Captain Slocum had all of those as his crew and yet, after circumnavigating the globe, a day came when he vanished without a trace. So did the Miramar, E. M. Statler's 100-foot steam yacht which disappeared off the coast of Florida at the end of November, 1925, since which time nothing has turned up to explain her fate. Her owner is now being sued for $700,000 by relatives of the crew on the ground that his yacht was unseaworthy and improperly sent to sea. The point thus raised is extremely important.

Yet the fact is that the seas are being sailed over more and more by adventurous spirits in cockle-shells—Alain Gerbault, a French sailor, crossed the ocean from Gibraltar to New York in a craft thirty-nine feet long, and has more recently arrived safely at Tahiti. Greater than any one suspects is the number of persons who are feeling their way around the globe in boats that could be swung on the davits of an Olympic. It is just the risks that make the adventure so enticing to American yachtsmen. We are building yachts better and stronger. We have learned to pattern more after the Gloucester fishing schooner and less after the freak racer. So the sturdy schooners of John G. Alden of Boston and William H. Hand of New Bedford are deservedly having a great vogue, for they are well-found little ships, strong and safe, if properly handled. In the eighties and nineties any run outside of Long Island Sound was considered an achievement for most of the amateur skippers. It is nothing today when twenty-foot boats sail across the Bay of Fundy and men cruise to Labrador in motor boats that seem like cockle-shells. This is the finest kind of competition, the finest school for manliness and courage, the best training for the senses; for there is no sordid profit in view, no ignoble striving to take unfair advantage of another, no possibility of gaining, even in racing, by underhand tricks. The real competitors are the wind and the sea; to overcome them at their worst requires the best that a sailor has in him. And when the battle is won there is nothing whatever to mar the joy of victory.

A Libertarian Laughs

The editor with his attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, arrived first. Chase, seconded by Captain Patterson of the Vice Squad, appeared shortly.

"Are you Chase?" asked Mencken.

"I am," and Chase held out a half dollar. Mencken took it, bit the edge to test its quality, pouched it, and handed over a *Mercury*.

"Officer, arrest this man," said Chase, and it was done.

The editor threw his remaining three copies into the air and there was such a scramble for them that they were torn to bits and nobody got one.

IF this story, told in a special dispatch from Boston to the New York *World*, is a true one in all of its details, we are inclined to think that a new chapter has been written in the history of the relations in America between the publisher and the censor. The scene was Boston Common. The duel was between H. L. Mencken, who had seen fit to publish in the *American Mercury* an article by Herbert Asbury on a Missouri small-town harlot, and the Rev. J. Frank Chase, who as secretary of the Watch and Ward Society had decided to preserve the morals of the youth of Boston from contamination with the record of a pathetic woman who had never been less than 1,000 miles away from Boston and who, it seems, died long ago. The weapon of the Rev. Mr. Chase was the law. Mr. Mencken's weapon was a sense of the ludicrous.

There, we submit, is progress. Whether Mr. Mencken actually bit that half dollar with his own unintimidated teeth or whether the *World* correspondent had the happy thought to report that he did, a new note has been struck. We have been paying the censor too high a compliment in taking him seriously, in waiting until he proceeded against a book or a magazine and then protesting from editorial offices or debating platforms.

There are no reasons why men should be free except the one reason that some of them wish to be. Mr. Mencken notoriously delights in freedom; hence when his editorial judgment was challenged from Boston he went up there, collected a crowd of a thousand persons—mostly students—around him, invited arrest, and bit the half dollar that furnished the means of arrest. We have seldom enough called censorship the thing it evidently is, a comedy; here is one who acts it out as such.

The subsequent events in the case have little or no bearing upon the point we have made. Judge Parmenter, before whom the article was tested in Boston, decided on reading it that it was inoffensive, and let Mr. Mencken off. A few days later, however, another judge took an opposite view and fined a newsdealer $100 for selling the magazine. The New York Post Office, moreover, submitted the *Mercury* to Postmaster General New in Washington, asking him if it was mailable; Mr. New decided that it was not. As to the piece itself, which takes its name, Hatrack, from the name of a poor woman who used to sell herself to the business men of Farmington, Missouri, on Sunday evenings after she went to church—we have read it and found it both harmless and human. We can see why the business men and the clergy of Farmington might want to discourage the sale of the *Mercury* out there for a month or two—as they have taken steps to do. We do not see why Boston or New York should care.

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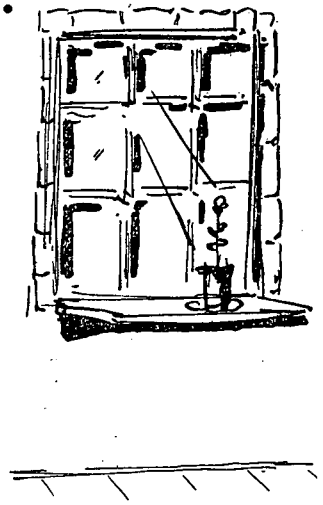
The Universe, Inc.

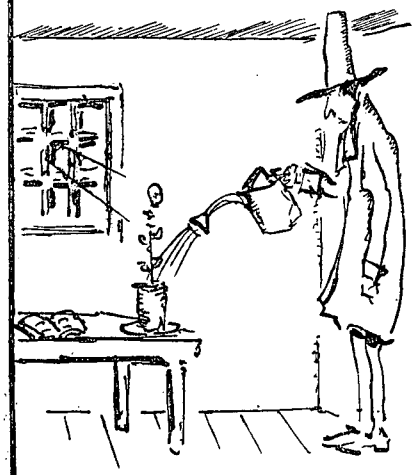
By H. v. L.

ONCE UPON A TIME an honest fellow found a bright little idea growing modestly by the roadside.

He liked it and took it home that it might not be crushed by the hoof of some indifferent cow.

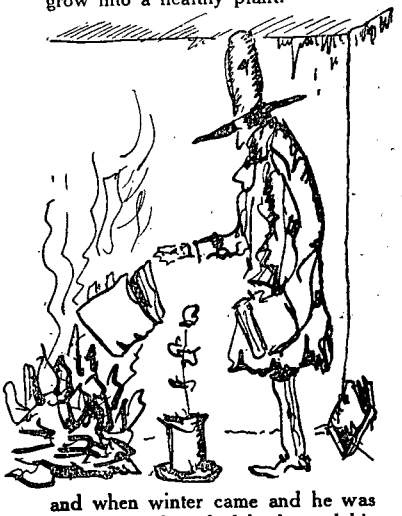


He let it have all the air and sunshine he possibly could that it might grow into a healthy plant.



He took care of it in every way and he hid it when Inquisitive Neighbors came to his house and—

asked him what there was in this rumor about an obnoxious weed which he was said to be growing in his home—



and when winter came and he was too poor to buy fuel he burned his books that the small flower should not suffer from the cold.

When the last book was gone, he gave his life—

that the plant might live, and then suddenly the sun shone and the idea grew and grew—

and became the property of mankind. But the man was dead and so they buried him, and that is that.

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What's Wrong with England's Tory Government?

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, April 2

THE election which has just ended in the Bothwell Division of Lanarkshire in Scotland is most valuable as a revelation of the drift of political opinion in this country. A month or two ago the Labor Party won a Tory seat in Darlington, but there were some shrewd political prophets who expected that the balance would be made good in Bothwell. The deceased Labor member had a strong personal hold on the constituency, and the first attempt of the Labor Party to find a candidate was unfortunate. The man selected declined to go on; there was friction in the camp; religious differences existed in the constituency; some objection was taken to the miners claiming the seat as one to which they had the right of possession. No contest could have begun more inauspiciously. The Tories had nominated a popular candidate, a sportsman and a good speaker, and whereas at the general election the Liberals had remained out of the contest, this time they nominated a candidate for the express purpose of damaging the Labor vote. At the general election 14,591 votes were given to Labor and 11,314 to the Tory candidate; today, in a triangular contest, the Labor vote has actually been increased to 14,830, and 8,740 have been given to the Tory and 1,276 to the Liberal. Truly a striking result.

From *Auslandspost*

Prime Minister Baldwin

What do the figures mean? The Liberal figures can be speedily disposed of. They are miserable and come far short of what even their opponents expected. They show that the Liberal Party is still a discredited faction, and that neither land policy nor any other of its several expedients has galvanized it into life. Very few electors are interested in it. It is out of the battle and cannot raise a dust on the outskirts. This election presents a problem to the handful of Liberal leaders which will be hard to solve. Is the party to exist? Does it exist? We may now expect more Liberal desertions both to Labor and to Toryism. In any event it is pretty plain that Liberalism is not strong enough in the country either to help or to hinder Labor. The serious drop of 2,500 in the Tory poll was unexpected and is a further indication of how the country is losing confidence in the Government. Special reasons will be given. It will be said that Bothwell is largely a mining seat and that the publication of the Coal Commission Report solidified the miners' vote. That may account for the increase in the Labor vote, but it comes far short as an explanation of the fall in the Tory support. Even if we were to assume that the whole Liberal vote was drawn from the Tories (an untenable thought) the drop is not explained. It cannot be explained except on the assumption that a considerable number of Tories voted Labor and many refused to vote at all. Confidence in the Government is ebbing. That is the only explanation. A summary review of our political position here is therefore interesting.

Seventeen months ago this Government took office with a colossal majority of over 200 members though its votes only amounted to a minority of the electors who went to the ballot boxes. They were no sooner in than they had to confess that they had cheated the country over the Zinoviev letter, and this, though only affecting the more serious people, depreciated their credit. Their first budget was unpopular; their first fiscal legislation was a breach of pledges that protection would not be introduced. Their attempt at window-dressing by producing their widows' pension scheme was discredited before it left the hands of the House of Commons and, as is the rule with such clever maneuvers, we use it now to damage them. In later days Mr. Churchill's failure to effect economy has given offense to his supporters to whom he promised much in this direction, and his economy bill with its provisions to raid the health and unemployment funds, to which the workers and the employers have contributed far more than the state, has roused the indignation of the popular Friendly Societies. From the beginning the idea underlying his finance and his efforts to economize has been to ease the burdens of the comfortable classes and transfer them to the backs of the struggling classes. He saves national taxes by increasing local rates. One can go through all the departments that have come upon the stage during these seventeen months and failure for one reason or another would be the conclusion of the survey. Incapacity is the general verdict. And for the moment the department that cuts the poorest figure is the Foreign Office. It was a great, if tempting, mistake for the Tory Party to make partisan capital out of Locarno. The shouting and the decorations were overdone, and when, at the Guildhall this week, Sir Austen Chamberlain received the freedom of the City of London it was in the presence of a purely Tory gathering, the leaders of other parties having absented themselves. The failure at Geneva, for which public opinion holds the Foreign Secretary to be largely responsible and which was the subject of constant attack at Bothwell, has brought falling confidence to a very low level.

Austen Chamberlain

There remains the part which the Prime Minister himself plays in this drama of government. He is the cloak of his Government. Behind him his Front Bench shelters

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itself. It deliberately uses him. His demeanor and words are, so goes the legend, those of an English gentleman who smokes a pipe, has no "side," lives quietly and reads and quotes good literature, is fair and open-minded, is neither hard nor twisty, tries to say and do the right thing, appeals for good-will, is not a politician, and wins the approbation of Mr. A. J. Cook. Such a personality covers a multitude of sins on the part of his colleagues, and hitherto it has succeeded in cementing the quite apparent divisions in his parliamentary party. He is certainly not a Tory but he is necessary to the Tory Party. He is used by it as a kind of decoy. So long as he makes his speeches it cannot be so very bad. Will this last? Is it lasting? In a blindfold sort of way he follows the Socialist "voices," and though in the background "the hard-faced men" of his following see to their interests and the Carlton Club and the Tory headquarters' organization follow their own bent, I am sorely deceived if there are not to be ructions one day.

Some people think that he is more wily than simple and that there is political design in his apparent straightforwardness. I do not agree. Within an intellectual Socialist Party the Prime Minister, were he not impeded like the young man in the Scriptures, would perhaps find a natural home. He would be far happier fighting revolutionists as a believer in Socialism than bearding capitalists in the interests of Toryism. But in the business of government he fails. His settlement of the American debt was hardly businesslike; his handling of the coal crisis was tardy; his good-will lacks grip; people are getting a little tired of placid intentions. The ministerial actors in the background are becoming more prominent and the cloak becomes more transparent. He ceases to represent his party, and the confidence reposed in him becomes less and less identified with the Tory Government. He is the one man who protects it against final discredit, and the loss to Labor of Tory seats at Stockport and Darlington, and now this result at Bothwell, bring the crisis in the Tory Party nearer and indicate a definite change in the political mind of Great Britain.

The danger ahead is a coal lockout in May. The Tory Party has striven incessantly to rouse a fear of a coming revolution, and if it had been trying to promote one some of its doings would have an intelligent purpose. A coal dispute would strengthen the hands of the timorous reaction and would rouse on both sides passions of great bitterness. Both the industrial and political representatives of Labor have enjoined reticence upon their spokesmen, and the order has been well observed though some prolific speakers seem to be chafing under it. The miners, however, have agreed to work in consultation with the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and in the negotiations the council will maintain the wider view of the general interests of labor and keep in sight the whole issues involved. At present there is a dominating desire for peace. The only worrying thought is whether the existing conditions of the industry contain the possibility of accommodation. The next few weeks will be trying times during which anything may happen.

Who Shall Control the Air?

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THERE are only eighty-nine wave lengths available for ordinary radio broadcasting in the United States. On these eighty-nine wave lengths about 600 different broadcasting stations can hurl forth entertainment and propaganda. For the first time in history the problem of free speech becomes an administrative problem, for the Government controls the licensing of stations and the distributing of wave lengths. The Greeks' suppression of Socrates did not prevent the pupil Plato from carrying on his gospel, nor were the wandering lessons of Paul to pagandom put an end to by the penal death of his radical teacher. If the anti-Fascist Italians in America want to start a newspaper such as *Nuovo Mondo* no governmental consent is necessary in advance. The press, so far, does not have to persuade any official that Thomas Lamont and Otto Kahn are in error and that George W. Wickersham happens to be right in regard to Mussolini.

But with the radio we are facing a new problem. Who shall distribute the right to get on the air? What shall be the medium of such distribution?

Everyone is announcing that the radio is a public utility and should be operated for public benefit. Even when the Telephone Company and the Radio Corporation of America mumble these shibboleths few people are wise enough to smile. Under our present radio legislation the Secretary of Commerce distributes licenses to broadcast. This function has been actually performed by Judge Davis, an official who does not act like an official. He is genial, honest, and not yet bureaucratic. Above all, he is truly afraid of being given powers of censorship. His fear springs from a modesty that is rare in Washington. It is also due to a realization of the difficulties which censorship of the air would bring on the censor's head. The fact is, however, that at this moment a very cool form of censorship is being exercised in spite of Judge Davis. In the first place censorship is exercised by the mere selection of concerns permitted to go on the air. For example, the Radio Corporation of America has two very good stations in New York City. One is a full-time station and the other operates about three days a week. If any organization which is critical of the United States Government wants to get a broadcasting permit, the Department with great show of reasonableness says, "Put your name on the list," and there you will be at the bottom of a list of about 300 applicants. If you can get a station at all, it will mean about five hours a week on some very poor wave length.

In Chicago at this very time the American labor movement, through the Chicago Federation of Labor, is trying to procure a station. The Department says there is none to be had. Oddly enough, the Chicago *Tribune-Liberty* interests found two stations just lying about. These representatives of working men will probably have to pay $250,000 to buy out somebody else's permit.

The Government's process of selection has an additional menace. The Secretary of Commerce says to the Radio Corporation of America: "You may operate an experimental station of very high power, 50,000 watts, in Bound Brook, New Jersey." Of course, the Government knows that a station of such power will throw out all small stations in the neighborhood—their "freedom of speech"

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is thereby effectually abolished. The Government also knows how easy it is to abuse the word "experimental." If some small commercial group anywhere in the United States wants to get a 3,000-watts station, ample, logical arguments can be found by the Department to deny the use of such high voltage. Furthermore, the danger of this process of selection is apparent as to the location of stations. The Radio Corporation of America has been granted a permit to operate at a particular location which, incidentally, will tend to drive out of business competing broadcasting stations. The Department, morever, determines wave lengths to be used. Therefore, even if it gave a wave length to the Society for the Nationalization of Telephone Service it could be such a poor wave length, in such a crowded field, that no one would or could listen to it.

Judge Davis has suggested a plan whereby the Department will eliminate the dangers of censorship by handing out licenses to applicants in the order of the filing of applications. This sounds most innocuous. Actually it will, under the provisions of bills now before Congress, result in rigid and effective censorship—a power which ought to enable any intelligent Secretary of Commerce to elect himself President. So long as the Department can determine which individuals shall be endowed with larynxes it does not need additional power to determine what shall be said.

The second means of censorship is enforced at the stations themselves. A well-known radio broadcaster recently explained to his audience why he thought Mr. Hughes, as Secretary of State, made a mistake when, after Coolidge had opened the door for Russian recognition, he slammed it close. It is said in Washington that Mr. Hughes listened in on this address and that, through some mysterious coincidence, the Washington station which had relayed this particular speech from New York refused thereafter to "tie up" on the broadcasting of this particular well-known speaker. Hudson Maxim, talking recently against prohibition, was allowed to speak into a naked microphone, never realizing that the connection with the outside world had been cut off. A radio orator spoke in Newark not long since on "Why the Democratic Party has a Progressive Foreign Policy." Before she went on the air she was told by the manager of the station that the subject of the speech was all right but that she must not criticize the President.

William J. Burns, former office-holder, issued a vicious attack by radio in 1923 on various liberal organizations. The American Civil Liberties Union offered to put onto the air to answer these charges either Norman Hapgood or Robert Morss Lovett. The station through which Burns had made his speech refused to allow any answer to be broadcast even by the two reputable gentlemen whose names were suggested. Other stations in New York likewise declined to have the Burns speech answered solely on the theory that there must be some kind of camaraderie between the holders of broadcasting permits. The Foreign Policies Association programs were cut off for a time by one of the leading stations in order that the station might take on the speeches at the Republican Club luncheons. This last position, of course, is perfectly logical; obviously the present holders of broadcasting licenses must stand in with Republican officialdom in order to be sure that their licenses will be renewed. It is natural, moreover, that the companies whose permits expire shortly before the presidential election will not permit any unkind criticism, to say the least, of the Secretary of Commerce. For example, I doubt if even at this time any of the big stations would permit a critical exposition of the Department's attitude toward radio legislation. At the hearings in Washington two addresses were made before the Senate Committee concerning the question of censorship. Would the Radio Corporation of America or the Telephone Company allow speeches of that nature to be broadcast?

There is no ready solution for this problem. Most of the governments of other countries have taken over the radio and in most cases have excluded all political talk and propaganda. In England this is carried to the point of excluding from the air the King's address at the opening of Parliament. Short of government ownership and control of the stations, some machinery should be set up to insure as far as possible the presence on the air of minority points of view. Under the present machinery a Republican administration, in a quiet manner, will see to it that mainly Republican propaganda is broadcast. If by chance the Democrats should ever come into office nationally, they would no doubt play a similar game. As it is, in case a Hoover boom for President should develop, it is not difficult to imagine the description of Hoover, his record, and his presidential possibilities which would bore most of the would-be listeners to jazz.

Hearings have been held on the bills before Congress. Hundreds of pages of testimony have been taken. Hardly a word in all of the testimony relates to censorship. It is all addressed to wave lengths, mechanics, charges for broadcasting, and other business problems. The proposed legislation contains phrases such as "public utility," "public necessity," and "public interest," but the operation of the bill is for private profit and for stabilization of investment.

The whole tendency of the legislation is most clearly indicated in the clause that provides that in case of war or public peril or national emergency or even threat of war the President may close down any and all of the stations. Free speech is of value in peaceful days, but it is a vital necessity in times of peril. That is the very time when no official should have the power to close down the broadcasting stations. Even the New York *Call* was able to defeat in court Postmaster General Burleson in his endeavor during the last war to take away its mailing privileges. Under the proposed legislation there would be no appeal to any court; the revocation of a license would be an administrative function. Imagine the front pages of the newspapers of the land if analogous legislation were proposed giving the President the power to close down any or all newspapers in case of "national emergency or threat of war." Even in the present docile mood of the country so flagrant a violation of freedom would meet with sturdy resistance. The radio legislation goes so far as to give power to the President to close down some of the radio stations and not all of them. In other words, in time of national emergency, threat of war, or war, the President can if he chooses close down just those stations which are critical of the policy of his administration. The powers contained in this act are the widest ever vested by legislative enactment in any human being: with the control of the air goes the possible control of the vote, the control of the spread of ideas and education. Hoover, if he runs for President, will have as shouting supporters every broadcasting station which has a permit and which hopes to get a renewal of its license.

[*In a second article, to appear next week, Mr. Ernst will outline certain changes in the proposed radio bills which would in some measure protect minority views.*]

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The Alien Property Scandal

By EDGAR MELS

II

THERE are strange developments to be recorded in the case of U. S. *vs.* Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian John T. King, Richard Merton, et al., indicted for alleged conspiracy in returning $7,000,000 in Liberty bonds to their German owners, as told in the last issue of *The Nation*. To begin, Richard Merton, indicted as conspirator and briber, if bribery was resorted to, spent last week in New York, with the knowledge of the federal authorities, and then departed for Germany, unmolested and without depositing bail or surety of any kind.

Gaston Means, star government witness, next to King, is said to have refused to testify to certain events, which he, Means, said did not happen, and in consequence he had his month's holiday in New York cut short and was shipped back to Atlanta penitentiary. Every conceivable sort of influence is being brought, it is rumored, to have the cases nolled and forgotten, for Republican leaders realize that the American Metals matter is surcharged with dynamite.

Delaware, Tom Miller's home State, where he was born and which he represented as Congressman, is of course the center of attention. Delaware politics is inexpressibly rotten. Corruption, graft, vote-buying, bribery—these are the corner-stones of Delaware politics, furnishing an atmosphere suitable for almost any kind of "get-him-at-any-price" methods.

Miller is a politician who plays the game, I believe, as cleanly as it can be played. He has placed men and women recommended by Republican Senators and Congressmen on the pay roll of the Alien Property department. He has never made any bones about that. He has played politics in his home State, as the records prove. For a time Miller was allied with the du Ponts and their efficient and powerful machine. It was in 1921 that Miller came closest to T. Coleman du Pont, who had been picked by his clan to represent their dye interests in the Senate. In 1921 du Pont began an extensive, not to say expensive, campaign. He made Miller his campaign manager, without title or, for that matter, office. Miller was a member of the State committee which had ostensible charge of the campaign. In reality, an "inner" circle did the actual thinking—and paying. However, the voters did the voting—and du Pont remained at home. When the smoke of battle had cleared away Tom Miller was a lonesome figure, left by his associates to the discouraging task of "holding the bag." The bag happened to be empty and a big deficit stared Miller in the face. He is not rich nor could he see why he should pay the bills contracted in the service of a multi-millionaire. Du Pont had duly filed his statement of campaign expenses and, publicly at least, the matter was closed as far as he was concerned. Time passed and the creditors, at first passive under the hypnotic spell of the du Pont name, became restive. And the more insistent their importunities for money became, the worse became Miller's worries.

Finally, he decided to appeal to the Republican Party in general and to his fellow State committeemen in particular. During the Wood campaign he had been officially friendly with John T. King of Connecticut and Ned Thurston of Massachusetts. He appealed to both to save him from financial ruin. There the matter rested until the latter part of November, 1922.

The scene of this slightly melodramatic tale must now be shifted to Philadelphia, thirty miles from Wilmington. In that city lived Vincent A. Carroll, assistant city prosecutor, lawyer of standing, and friend of Miller during the trying days of the Argonne. Both Miller and Carroll had fought side by side and both had been decorated for conspicuous bravery. To Carroll came Ned Thurston, former chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee, bearing a large envelope. "Give this to Tom Miller if he should drop in," said Thurston. When he had gone Carroll threw the envelope on top of a dusty safe, where it lay forgotten for five weeks. Then, one day, Miller came in to see Carroll on Legion business.

"There's an envelope on top of the safe Thurston left for you," said Carroll, and when Miller opened it he found Liberty bonds to the amount of $47,500, with instructions as to their use. What those instructions were the writer cannot reveal at this time, but the reader may readily guess. Time passed, but the indebtedness of the du Pont campaign, though reduced, had not yet been paid in full.

It is generally known in Delaware that there is a letter, a copy of which is thought to be in the hands of the Department of Justice, signed by J. J. Roskob, head of the General Motors, a du Pont concern, concerning instructions as to the disposal of a check for more than $10,000, signed by Roskob. It is also known that another check for an amount nearly as large, but not accompanied by a letter, signed by du Pont, also figured in the clean-up of the campaign deficit.

Miller, having had a taste of the du Pont brand of politics, decided to try for himself. He broke away from the machine and fought it, opposing du Pont candidates and laying the foundations for a future campaign to put himself in the United States Senate. His fight was so effective that one day he received a warning: "Be good, or you'll be sorry!"

That threat seems to have been carried out. The statement that politics is at the bottom of the Miller indictment is supported by an incident which occurred on September 5 of last year, six weeks before the indictments were found in New York. The writer was in Dover, Delaware, seeking information on another subject. While in the office of a lawyer a Democratic politician came in. "If you want a real story," said the Democrat, "they're going to indict Tom Miller in the American Metals case." He refused to reveal the source of his information, but his prediction came true. Miller was abroad, serving as president of the Fidac, the Inter-Allied Veterans Legion, to which he had been elected by the American Legion, when the federal grand jury brought in the indictment against him, Jess Smith, and others.

Hiram C. Todd, the same Todd whom Senator Wheeler had exposed and dismembered during the Brookhart investigation into the Department of Justice, was named prosecutor at $1,000 a month. He resigned shortly after and is now the counsel for the German owners of the Bosch-Mag-

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neto patents. His principal witness was Gaston B. Means, that savory individual who, after assailing most of the members of the Harding regime before the Brookhart committee, recanted in writing to Daugherty to the extent of four typewritten pages, which Daugherty showed to the writer in his Columbus office as a "vindication."

Another witness was King, who had received a "retainer" of $50,000 for facilitating the transfer under scrutiny. Still another was Roxie Stinson, divorced wife of Jess Smith. Vincent Carroll gave testimony telling how the bonds came into his possession and subsequently into Miller's.

Harry Daugherty was called to testify and wrote an amazing note declining, because he had acted over a long period as personal counsel for President and Mrs. Harding. Eventually he did testify, but what he told is not known, save by hearsay. Whether he told how he came into possession of $40,000 in Liberty bonds, traced to his Washington Court House, Ohio, bank is not known. His brother Mal testified that he had destroyed the bank's ledger pages containing the Daugherty accounts.

But the matter did not stop there. Representative Hamilton Fish of New York issued pronunciamentos. He obtained from the Alien Custodian's office a list of clerks on the alleged secret pay roll, forgetting that two of them were his own people and that half of the names had been added since Miller left office. The "secret" pay roll, which was authorized by law, was paid by an assessment of 1 per cent on all alien property, when turned back to the owners. The clerks were needed to carry on the business of the office, which handled 50,000 trusts, involving $350,000,000 of alien property consisting of every conceivable type of stock and bond quoted on the exchanges, with an additional 1,500 unlisted securities; with sixty corporations and 1,160 pieces of realty scattered from Manila to Maine.

Miller has refused to talk, by order of his lawyers, who decline to try the case in the newspapers. But from authoritative sources the writer has learned—what he knew before. Miller's name, like that of many another member of the Harding Administration, including the President himself, was "raffled' by the Ohio Gang. Most of them boasted of their influence with Daugherty, the strong man of the Administration. Jess Smith did that repeatedly. He probably used such an argument on Richard Merton; if he did not, probably King did. Howard Mannington used Harding's name to such an extent that the President ordered him out of Washington. Yet nobody indicted Harding.

At this writing rumors are plentiful that more indictments are coming—of Mal Daugherty, or Harry himself, of Adna Johnson and George Williams, in charge of the office which actually returned the property to the Mertons. There is, of course, no way of verifying these reports, but time will tell. It will also tell why no indictment was brought against Guy D. Goff, now Senator from West Virginia, who signed the papers prepared by Adna Johnson, for the return of the property.

Be that as it may, if Miller is ever brought to trial there will be hours of mental anguish for the Republican machine. Miller is not the type of man to stand silent while someone is trying to ruin him. He will fight back and no one need doubt that Miller has plenty of ammunition with which to do the fighting. As matters stand, Miller is accused. He does not deny that he received the bonds. He refuses to tell to what purpose he put them, but that he will continue to refuse if disgrace and prison face him is not problematical.

Is the West Awakening?

By MEI KUANG-TI

CHINA for the last two decades or so has been loudly hailed as "awakening" alike by foreigners and those among the Chinese themselves who are educated in foreign ways. This peculiarly foreign attitude which arrogantly tries to date Chinese history of real importance from the forcible entrance of the foreigner into China nearly a century ago and to mark the dawn of a new era from her definite commitment to the reform program after the Boxer War contains unfortunately an element of truth. For China rather needed to be aroused from her fond dreams of a golden age in the past and of a fixed universe with herself as the undisputed central authority surrounded by more or less subjugated barbarians beyond the Great Wall and the Four Seas. The needed awakening has, however, cost her dearly not only in national rights and honor but in national spirit; for the younger generation, nourished not on the Confucian classics nor on later national literature and philosophy but on the modern newspaper and the divers brands of "new thought" from the West, have become so agitated and obstreperous that the danger with them today is an increasing restlessness, the loss of that mature balance and tranquillity so characteristic of their traditional culture.

The present outburst of xenophobia is unlike anything of the sort that has happened before. The indiscriminate hatred of the foreigner in China in the last century was grounded in the conviction that the foreigner was nothing less than a devil, as a result of his long series of aggressive wars. Of his temper, his mentality, his moral code, his history and government, and his achievement in the arts and sciences the average educated Chinese was proudly innocent. That was why, when he happened in his official capacity to have anything to do with the outlandish barbarian, he made such impertinent gestures and remarks and became in consequence an object of such caricature and derision in the eyes of his unwelcome guest. After half a century, and especially during the last twenty years when thousands of their young compatriots have studied abroad, the Chinese have come to know not a little about the foreigner. They have discovered the foreigner, or rather his dual personality. More often than not they have found him a good sort of fellow, not wanting in those human qualities which are understood and valued in the East. But the Dr. Jekyll in him stays home and carries on the torch of civilization, while the Mr. Hyde in him goes out to plunder, murder, and trample under foot the

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civilization of other lands. Hence, the cry of the Chinese against foreign imperialism and all the evils associated with it, at the same time that they eagerly extol whatever foreign is considered fit for adoption.

China has now realized the meaning of the behavior of the West toward her during this long period. The West has simply meant to say to her: "I am a bad fellow, a bully. Return my blows as hard as you can and I shall be ashamed of myself and reform." China is thus forced by the West to turn against it with its own method. This retaliation would be unnecessary but for the West's persistent refusal to see realities with open eyes, its tendency to indulge in vain dreams. The Westernization of China in this respect is unworthy of her best traditions and is taken up as a necessary evil. The really pertinent question, then, is not, Is China awakening? but, Is the West awakening?

First, the attempt of the West to impose its prestige (i. e., superiority) upon China by imperialistic means is largely a dream. Foreigners in China at this moment parade their fear for the loss of their prestige through the possible change of their status, as if they had ever acquired any prestige there. Take a familiar example. You stick a pistol to a man's nose, order him to surrender all the cash or valuables in his keeping, and he will promptly obey without a murmur if he is prudent. High prestige is maintained by you during the whole transaction. This is the kind of prestige that the foreigner imagines that he enjoys in China through the efficacy of his gunboats and bayonets. Mencius says: "When one subdues men by force, their submission to him is not one from the heart. They submit, because their strength is not adequate to resist." Perhaps no other people have a greater contempt for force per se than the Chinese, and certainly no other people have a greater respect for reason and moral suasion than they. Their history is a long series of hard lessons for those megalomaniacs who followed to self-destruction the doctrine that might is right. Revolution against force has always been the divine right of the Chinese. One may venture the paradox that the present indeterminate strife among the Tuchuns is due, not to their belief in force but to their disbelief in it; they are so enamored of the superiority of reason and moral suasion as taught by their old sages that they fight because they believe that any one among themselves must be opposed and pulled down when he aspires to high prestige through force, and that they will keep on fighting until the appearance of a man whom they can acknowledge as their superior in intelligence and character.

The foreigner also tries to establish his prestige by crudely imitating the mandarin. His early contacts with Chinese life were those with the official through wars and treaty negotiations, and he quickly aped the style of the official, the aristocrat of China, in the hope, perhaps, of making himself an aristocrat before a people he had come to overlord and exploit. He has been surrounded, where his means make it possible, with a retinue of underlings and coolies, with all the pomp and pretentiousness of the Chinese official. The result is, however, the exact opposite of what he has aimed to achieve. For in many cases the mandarin is a highly educated man, and sometimes a scholar or an artist of renown. As an official he simply accepts the manner of life that is customary or that his family expects from him. He is too refined to take seriously such trivialities, and too indifferent to rebel against them. He has more important preoccupations: his official duties and responsibilities, his books, or his art. Only in the role of statesman, scholar, or artist—and this is his real self—does he wish to be known and remembered. Furthermore, the official style has a decided advantage for the man of taste. Amid the gorgeous trappings and equipage, the Chinese official can usually move without being exposed to the stare of the crowd, and silently review his favorite authors or meditate upon his own productions. But the foreigner, in nine cases out of ten a tradesman, has no second self for his retreat. Thus the word "foreign" has become in Chinese nearly synonymous with such words as "vulgar" and "sham." Generally no official of the type just described cares to see or talk with the foreigner outside the yamen.

The fact that the foreigner is a tradesman spells disfavor in the eyes of the Chinese educated classes. The Chinese people, as is well known, are classified socially in the following order of importance: scholars, farmers, artisans, and tradesmen. This historic scale of relative human values has scarcely changed since the impact of Western views of life, as it is deeply ingrained in the Chinese consciousness. The "big-bellied merchants," as the Chinese expression goes, have furnished, and still furnish, endless occasions for satire and mirth. In a deeper sense the Chinese students today declare war upon foreign capitalism, not because they are Bolshevists but because they are scholars whose ancient rights are menaced by the growing tyranny of the "big-bellied merchants."

All the talk, therefore, about foreign prestige in China is sheer nonsense. It is manufactured by the foreign residents for home consumption so that the gunboats of their governments may be always near by for refuge whenever contempt from the Chinese side becomes too great to be borne. There is only one way for a European or an American to make himself highly respected in China. It is by measuring himself up to the traditional Chinese standard of the scholar and by going to China in that capacity. Mr. Bertrand Russell, Professor Dewey, and lesser luminaries did not deliver their lectures to Chinese audiences with the heavy guard of the Sikh police nor bluster to the local officials about their special privileges stipulated in the treaties when, accompanied by their Chinese friends alone, they ventured into the supposedly dangerous hinterland. These distinguished visitors were everywhere treated so royally and with such a spontaneous and profound appreciation as only the Chinese know how to bestow upon great scholars. This high prestige no other types of foreigners have ever faintly approximated or can ever hope to approximate.

The West has another dream—the dream of world domination and of the extension and progress of its civilization through the tradesman. No one is less qualified for such an undertaking. His exploitation of cheaper labor in the industrially less developed countries, with its concomitant setting up of the plutocratic regime, and his application of machinery to everyday life will only result in the creation of the very problems that he cannot solve at home. Shanghai and Hankow are becoming as ugly and brutish as Pittsburgh and Liverpool. These Westernized Chinese

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cities are culturally insignificant. The mention of them suggests to the Chinese mind only compradores and their foreign associates, in other words, the "big-bellied merchants" whom the intellectual classes of such historic and interesting cities as Peking and Nanking delight to call the "rascals of the market" and other equally uncomplimentary names. Mr. Ku Hung-ming, the well-known scholar, thus wrote in 1910 on what he called the Chinese Oxford movement against the foreign proclivities of Li Hung-chang:

> In order to carry out this program of expansion, Li Hung-chang had attracted round him men of the rich, lower middle and compradore classes who had made money by foreign trade; and these all showed an inclination to favor what they called progress in the direction of adopting foreign ways and methods. The crude ideas of adopting foreign ways and methods, however, had all the vulgarity and hideousness which Matthew Arnold speaks of in the English middle-class liberalism. This vulgarity and hideousness, of course, shocked the flower of the intellectual aristocracy in the Hanlin Academy—the Oxford of China. In this way the Oxford movement became intensely anti-foreign. It was anti-foreign, not because these scholars hated foreigners; it was anti-foreign because these scholars saw before their eyes that the foreign ways and methods of Li Hung-chang and his entourage were hideously vulgar and demoralizing. This is the moral basis of the anti-foreign spirit of the true Chinese literati.

The conditions in the foreignized cities have certainly become worse since Li Hung-chang's time: the reign of smoke and noise, the advertisements which are an insult to the landscape and to the eye, the congestion of population, child labor, the appearance of the proletariat, the sudden ascendancy of the moneyed class which is trying to impose its own barbarous tastes and ideas upon a society hitherto presided over by scholars and artists. Though the Hanlin Academy has ceased to function and in its place have sprung up the modern colleges and universities, the young Chinese have not entirely dissociated themselves from the tastes and ideas of the elder literati.

The men who scatter themselves in all the remote corners of the earth, selling steel and iron manufactures, petroleum, the automobile, the cigarette, and myriad other articles of which the "backward" races are believed to be sadly in need, are exactly those who should stay home, in their small provincial towns. For though they may have encircled the globe half a dozen times and encountered all the divers folk of other climes, their mental horizon is not broader than the size of their own pockets. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has spoken of the Englishman in China in these words:

> Of the religion, the politics, the manners and customs of the country in which he lives he will know and care nothing except so far as they may touch his affairs. He will never, if he can help it, leave the limits of the foreign settlement. Physically, he oscillates between his home, his office, the club, and the race course; mentally, between his business and sport. On all general topics his opinions are second or third hand. They are the ghosts of old prejudices imported years ago from England or taken up unexamined from the English community abroad. And these opinions pass from hand to hand till they are as similar as pebbles on the shore. In an hour or so you will have acquired the whole stock of ideas current in the foreign community throughout a continent.

What is here said of the Englishman may be applied with equal justice to any other foreigner in China.

But if it is a matter of no concern to the West whether it can intelligently study and appraise the East in the interests of harmony and cooperation between the two civilizations, it is vitally important that the different nations of the West should reach a common understanding for the preservation of their common civilization. The only way to achieve such a purpose is more and more to bring together the peoples of these nations, but thus far the men who have had the best opportunities to meet are exactly those who should never meet. The "rascals of the market" are not fit to go outside their native villages. Their mad jealousies and intrigues almost wrecked Western civilization a few years ago, and they are plunging into madder jealousies and intrigues than ever. Is the West ready to let its civilization be ruined in order that a few vulgar millionaires may fully gratify their ignoble appetites?

The remedy for the evils of the present mercantile domination seems to lie, not in a revolt of the proletariat (for the proletariat, one can easily surmise, would do exactly the same things if they were in the place of the present-day millionaires) but in the reaffirmation of the old Chinese view of the social structure with the scholars at the top and the tradesmen at the bottom. The highly mercantilized societies of the West are tending either toward inevitable destruction through incessant wars caused by commercial rivalry or toward a social condition so insipid and vulgarized that all the finer things in life will have no chance of survival. All thinking men in China, India, and Japan have lost faith in the present drift of Western civilization and are concerting their efforts to resist the contagion of the malady of mercantilism. China has never in her long history accorded a modicum of prestige to the mere merchants, be they millionaires or multi-millionaires. If the West wishes to make itself really respected in China, it must first change the direction of its present social drift and place the commercialists where they belong, and then send to the East finer specimens of its humanity than it has done so far. It must, in short, pursue realities, not dreams. Is the West awakening?

Substitution

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Men without daughters
Must love me,
Thinking I am
As theirs might be.

Men without daughters
Lightly mourn
For the daughters
I might have borne.

Men without daughters
Need not dread
Theirs ever being
In my stead.

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Heresy-Hunting at Oxford and Cambridge

By M. A. C. GORHAM

London, March 31

AMERICANS, when they are feeling particularly aggrieved by flagrant examples of intolerance in their own universities, are apt to envy the happy members of English institutions who are allowed to think and say what they like. Universities so august as Oxford, for instance, have flourishing and respectable Socialist parties and labor clubs, and the Master of Balliol, A. D. Lindsay, is a prominent Socialist. Before he came back to Oxford he was principal of Glasgow University, and even there, where socialism is more conspicuously red than anywhere else in Great Britain, he used to appear on Socialist platforms in support of Clydesiders whose views would make an American democrat perspire in his sleep. Yet Oxford and Cambridge are far from being the radical's paradise, as both of them have demonstrated within the last few weeks. At Oxford two undergraduates have been threatened with expulsion for the expression of their political views; at Cambridge a university lecturer has been dismissed for his alleged deficiency in personal morality, and only reinstated by a very guarded majority judgment after an unexpected appeal.

This latter case has created more public interest, as the central figure—Mr. J. B. S. Haldane—is a distinguished scientist. His book on chemical warfare excited much discussion, he became widely enough known even to figure in the symposia on vast moral and spiritual questions that are a standing feature of the Sunday press. Now Mr. Haldane became involved as corespondent in a divorce action, and—unlike the celebrated author-actress whose cause is so dear to the progressive women of the United States—he never announced that the rest of his life would be spent principally in regretting this, his only sin. Consequently, he was dismissed from his position as university reader in biochemistry by a university court known as the Sex Viri—a picturesque title that the papers have seen no occasion to inform their readers has nothing to do with sex. Mr. Haldane appealed, and his case was heard again before an extraordinary and rarely constituted court of judges delegate, headed by a judge of the High Court. This tribunal, although it has no connection with the law of the land, sat in the public law courts in the Strand; its proceedings were private, and so carefully guarded that even the most observant journalists peering through the panels of the door could only catch glimpses of Mr. Haldane "gesticulating vigorously" as he argued his case. Apparently he won; no judgment was published at the time, but next day this announcement appeared in the Cambridge University *Reporter*, the official organ of the university:

> The majority of the court is of opinion that in view of all the circumstances of this particular case, which have been more fully before us than they were before the Vice-Chancellor and the Sex Viri, the appeal should be allowed, but this decision is not to be taken as any expression of opinion that adultery may not be gross immorality within the meaning of the statute.

So the principle that university readers can be dismissed for adultery is upheld. And even the leniency of a majority of the court in this particular case has aroused so much indignation in official circles at Cambridge that there is already a plan to amend the statutes so that in future no such appeal can be made.

That is how Cambridge University views the personal morality of its members. Oxford has recently exercised similar control over their political activities. Last month (February) two undergraduates were summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, who is the resident principal of the university, and informed that unless they gave a pledge to stop advocating communism they would be sent down—expelled. The pledge—which they took—was in its first form so sweeping that it would have prevented their arguing on politics even in private, but it was subsequently modified and, so far as is known, the two undergraduates have kept it ever since.

Now, there was nothing very novel in this. About four years ago two undergraduates were sent down, one permanently, the other for a term, for editing a Socialist monthly called the *New Oxford*. On that occasion the Oxford Union passed a vote of sympathy, but the whole thing was generally looked upon as a joke. But the recent case aroused much more serious interest, and the London papers began to take notice when the Union passed an unprecedented vote of censure on the Vice-Chancellor. The Union is, of course, merely an undergraduate debating society, combined with a club, and it has no vestige of control over university affairs. Still, it is the only index, however unreliable, to undergraduate opinion as a whole. The vote was moved by the secretary of the University Labor Party, solely—as he protested—in the interests of free speech, and many Conservatives supported it. On the other hand, the official Conservative Party sent out urgent whips rallying their supporters to the opposition, which, incidentally, was led by Sir Edward Hulton, the scion of a family famous in the history of the capitalist press.

There were various reasons for this change of attitude—on both sides—toward political "martyrs" during the past four years. Partly, of course, it is that since the Socialist Government held office, the unofficial Left is more confident and the Right more alarmed than ever before. But it is also true that great resentment was caused at Oxford by a story, which was widely believed, that the whole affair began at the India Office, which objected to the Communist propaganda carried on by the two undergraduates among the Indian students at Oxford. According to this story, Lord Birkenhead—the Secretary for India—wrote to the heads of the colleges to which the erring undergraduates belonged, and to the Vice-Chancellor, asking them to send the two down. The heads of the colleges took no notice; the Vice-Chancellor compromised by making them sign his pledge. This story is, intrinsically, quite credible. Dr. Wells, the Vice-Chancellor (who is also Warden of Wadham, Lord Birkenhead's former college), is a charming after-dinner speaker and personally popular, but he does not impress anyone as a character likely to make a firm stand against a cabinet minister of the caliber of Lord Birkenhead. And there is an excellent precedent. Shortly after the war Lord Curzon, who was then Foreign Secretary and also chancellor of the university—an Olympian position involving very little contact with its normal affairs—wrote to the authorities of Balliol (again, it may be noted, his own old college) and asked them to send down an undergraduate whose political views displeased him. The

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college authorities declined to do so unless Lord Curzon promised to back them up in case of trouble, and this, of course, he would not do. Shortly afterward, however, the undergraduate applied for leave to stay up for another year after taking his degree—and it was refused.

Of course, this story cannot be verified; the only people who know for certain are the three dignitaries who are supposed to have got the letters, and the India Office itself. Anyway, the Union passed its vote of censure, and the dovecotes were fluttered for a while. Then, as in the Haldane case, there was an appeal. The defeated minority demanded a ballot of the whole membership (and the Union is a club as well as a debating society) before the vote could be confirmed; the hunting men who had never heard a Union debate were dragged from the more exclusive Oxford clubs to vote, all the country clergymen who are life members of the Union came tottering in from their secluded vicarages to save the cause of law and order, and the vote of censure was reversed.

It would be interesting to conjecture which party in this conflict is really on the winning side; whether the Vice-Chancellor and his defenders are striking a last blow for reaction and the discipline appropriate to a medieval university, or whether the Union's first vote was a vain defiance of the rising tide of conservatism, government influence, and Fascist intolerance. But without entering into these larger questions, one must recognize that at Cambridge the most brilliant readers in biochemistry are liable to dismissal if they figure on the wrong side of a divorce suit, and at Oxford undergraduates can be threatened with expulsion for talking the wrong sort of politics in a place where many of the people talk politics most of the time. The heresy-hunt does not occur very often, but the apparatus for it is being kept well in repair.

In the Driftway

A SMALL pocket volume which no German sojourner in the United States should be without has fallen into the Drifter's hands. It is primarily a guide to the language (*Sprachführer*) but it is equipped with valuable footnotes to lead the bewildered foreigner through the mazes of American customs no less than of American idiom. The Drifter sympathizes with the glow of satisfaction which must have warmed the admirable Herr Meyer in this work of sparing his countrymen the social ordeals through which he perhaps had passed. Consider the importance to a gregarious man of the knowledge that "'lie' and 'liar' are very strong expressions in English which are best not used" (p. 225) and that "to call anyone a 'fool' is a great insult. One may say to an intimate friend: 'You are a foolish fellow, you act like a fool, you act foolishly,' which means the same thing in the end" (p. 243). Imagine the situation which must have provoked this warning: "One must be careful with the use of the word 'virgin.' All young ladies are self-evidently virgins" (p. 195). The most delicate social graces are not omitted. For instance, "Gloves are very important in betting with ladies. If a lady kisses a sleeping gentleman . . . she has won a pair of gloves." Should one want to express incredulity, Herr Meyer offers the alternatives, "'Do you see any green in my eyes?' or 'Tell that to the marines!' (since they are considered very credulous)."

HERR MEYER'S contacts with American institutions were not always happy. Traveling, he found that "in America smokers receive little consideration; still, one may smoke in the free space between coaches, and in a coach at the end of the train which is generally exceedingly filthy." Yet filth cannot be considered a universal American failing, for, as Herr Meyer observantly remarks, "A very common question (e.g., before dinner) is: 'Will you wash your hands?'" An item on shopping is suggestive: "The German will soon discover that the hats in the store seldom fit his head. He will do well to order a hat according to measure (Please to measure me for a hat)." And as for American erudition, "The title 'doctor' is much less frequent in England and in America, and 'Doctors of Philosophy' are not known at all (except in a few of the so-called universities of America, which sell this degree for money)." By the end of the volume the traveler is completely equipped against all exigencies. Fresh in his mind is Herr Meyer's parting instruction: "In America everything pays a customs duty, and an unreasonably high one. . . . On the other hand, American customs officials are very easily bribed (a gold piece!)." Nothing more remains, except perhaps a proper deference to the immigration quota and the latest interpretation of moral turpitude. And now the student of American customs may appear on our shores and say, with easy confidence and Herr Meyer's approval (p. 277), "Good morning, Colonel!" THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

He Doesn't Find Us Dry Reading

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Terry Ramsaye observes that you have few inhibitions. "*The Nation,*" he says, "is a highbrow with three cocktails."

New York, March 19 CONSTANT READER

Rolland Bibliography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last January friends of Romain Rolland throughout the world collaborated in paying tribute to this man whose heroic labors for the liberation of the human spirit have won him a place unique in contemporary history. Now, for the purpose of deepening and propagating Rolland's ideas, steps are being taken to create archives which will bear Rolland's name and to gather data for a complete bibliography.

Emil Roniger (Quellenstrasse, Rheinfelden, Switzerland) is directing this work. I am aware that there are many admirers of Rolland both as a thinker and as an artist among *Nation* readers. I wonder if you would, therefore, be so kind as to insert this notice, asking any such, who are able to do so, if they will send to M. Roniger anything which has come to their attention by or about Rolland in magazines or newspapers in this country? The archivist is desirous especially of obtaining clippings of articles about Rolland which have appeared in this country since 1914.

Cambridge, Mass., March 29 JAMES H. PAVERS

Ornithological Note

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Claude McKay is a real poet, and I sympathize with him being homesick in France, but he is off in his ornithology. I have seen a million quail run, but I never saw one hop.

Pasadena, California, March 30 UPTON SINCLAIR

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Another View of Christian Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the author of the note on "The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science" in the *Saturday Review*, quoted from approvingly by Charles E. Heitman in his reply to Professor Jastrow in your issue of March 17, may I be permitted a few words on the subject under discussion? Mr. Heitman writes: "The contribution of Dr. Humiston, the last of this literary trio, has been aptly characterized by one reviewer as 'ludicrously unscientific,' this reviewer adding: 'Its assumption that an alleged system of healing can be proved a failure by a citation of seventy-one cases would make short work of the medical profession itself.'" Mr. Heitman, naturally enough for his purposes, neglects to add that my condemnation of Dr. Humiston's method was directly preceded by praise of the Riley-Peabody portion of the book. That is, he seeks to enrol under his banner a reviewer who is one-third with him and two-thirds with Professor Jastrow and the enemy. This is of no importance in itself, but it may serve to lead on to points of real significance.

Neither Dr. Riley nor Mr. Peabody, to be sure, seemed to the present writer to have entirely made out his case. Their avowedly partisan argument represented merely an able prosecuting attorney's speech with no reply from the defendant. Now that Mr. Heitman has presented the answer of the Christian Science Committee on Publication, the position of Dr. Riley and Mr. Peabody is much stronger. Mr. Heitman, it may fairly be said, has dodged all the important issues. Where Dr. Riley gives chapter and verse for his statements that Mrs. Eddy was for several years a patient of Quimby, that she corresponded with him and acknowledged him as her teacher, that she took from him the very name "Christian Science," and that she derived from him and from Bronson Alcott many of her most characteristic doctrines, Mr. Heitman can only reply by the dogmatic assertion: "There is . . . no parallelism between Christian Science, Quimbyism, and the doctrine of Mr. Alcott," reinforced by the single fact that Christian Science has refrained from the use of all "physical manipulation," which Quimby liberally employed. This is next to no answer at all.

Hardly happier are Mr. Heitman's replies—and lack of replies—to the allegations of Mr. Peabody. In regard to the suppression of Dr. Riley's article in the "Cambridge History of American Literature," the letter quoted from Mr. Irving Putnam sheds painfully little light. "As soon as the article had been read by a member of our publishing board we decided that as publishers we would not stand for a chapter that was so outrageous in tone and contained such offensive references." Why, then, did the suppression not occur until after the work had actually been published and, according to Mr. Peabody, 1,500 copies sold? Are we to conclude that this firm was so careless as to bring out a work which no member of its publishing board had previously read? Let it be so. The suppression of the Milmine Life of Mrs. Eddy—also after publication—and the withdrawal of Mrs. Eddy's letters from the Quimby Manuscripts remain unexplained and untouched upon by Mr. Heitman. Nor does he even mention the article in the Christian Science Church Manual requiring the faithful to boycott all bookstores in which works "obnoxious" to the church are put on sale. No more does he attempt to interest any of the unsalubrious episodes in Mrs. Eddy's life emphasized by Mr. Peabody. Instead, he brings forth the interesting but irrelevant information that Mrs. Eddy was elected to membership in the French Academy and the Victoria Institute of London, and that both a governor and an attorney general of New Hampshire spoke of her, publicly, in terms of highest praise. Imagine an early Christian seeking to defend the aspersed character of Jesus by testimonials from the Procurator of Judea and the Sub-Prefect of Galilee!

In the opinion of the present writer, "The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure" does not do justice to Christian Science; it is unfortunately narrow, bitter, and one-sided; but the apparently official rejoinder of the church, with its subterfuges and special pleading, is far more sinister and disheartening to those who would fain recognize the merits of Christian Science than the attacks of its most brutal opponents could possibly be. Until the church decides to meet facts with facts, to cease throwing dust in the eyes, and to give out a candid and intelligible statement of its own position, the present era of rancor, mutual recrimination, and misinterpretation will continue, and the era of understanding will not even faintly have begun.

New York, March 12 ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Anti-Militarism at City College

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The anti-military-training agitation has not yet died out in City College. President Mezes may gag the *Campus*, the faculty may decide not to act on the recommendations of the students; neither an arbitrary president nor a timorous faculty can gag the minds of the students or obscure the issues.

Today, at a meeting called by the Social Problems Club to discuss military training, the student body had another opportunity to express its opinion, and it expressed it in no vague manner. I cannot go into the details of the speeches made by the students from the floor. But those who think American college men fools or mental infants, or nearly that, will perhaps readjust their prejudices when they hear that invariably all the students, without beating about the bush, went right to the core of the question: They do not wish to be made into cannon-fodder; they do not wish to fight Wall Street's wars; they will not swallow pretty words such as Americanism, my country's safety, and the rest of the vulgar cant with which the jingoists wish to dope them.

But the finest thing about the City College men is that they refuse to be intimidated into submission by the instructors. With the professor of military science present, and at least five of the officer-instructors in full uniform, it was no easy matter for one to speak his mind. All the more since many of the students overheard one of the sergeants say: "I want to look well at their faces." Those who know how easy it is for an instructor to flunk a student (and thus make him repeat an odious course, not to say anything of the financial loss which a flunk may occasion him, through inability to graduate) will realize what courage was demanded of those who spoke.

For obvious reasons I desire to keep my identity anonymous.

New York, March 26 A STUDENT

This Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Hurrah for Freedom!
Hurrah for Self-Expression!
Down with the collective wisdom of generations of serious men!
Today is the whole of life.
History is the unimportant saga of has-beens.

These are the war cries of today. Conventions of respect, conventions of refinement, conventions of knowledge, conventions of decency are regarded with a fishy eye and then thrown over the steeple in glee.

We have now all the joys of the savage: dinners which can be consumed without the aid of knives and forks; crude daubs of art which would delight primitive man; a degree of body covering which would undoubtedly meet his approval;

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and a familiarity between the sexes which would likely cause him to squirm.

And now (a small, small thing, perhaps, but the straw which broke this camel's back) comes a rebel in your issue of February 24 who states that usage alone determines correct English and that rules of grammar are the bunk.

Ah, well! there is undoubtedly a larger percentage of our population who say "Wasn't you" than "Weren't you" and "with Fred and I" than "with Fred and me." We must, therefore, hand the scepter to the unlettered majority and bow the knee to ignorance?

If the men who grin and repeat parrot-wise the foolish gag: "Oh, every generation has held up its hands in horror at its youth" (an expression as tiresome as it is empty) would use their brains and analyze the tendencies rampant today one might feel some hope. *The real importance of rules of living is the lesson of self-control.* The front page of any daily newspaper shows the cheery results of the lack of it.

Can any sane person actually believe that living is better, mellower, happier today in this hectic era of unbridled freedom than it has been before?

But let the dance go on. Greece tried it once, and if Greece with a far higher average of intelligence could not accomplish it, can this silly meltin'-pot of freedom-mad egoists hope to get away with it?

Akron, Ohio, February 28 A Young Conservative

The Farmers' Money

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On page 367 of your issue of April 7 I made the following statement in my article "The Plight of the Farmer":

> During the last year $4,000,000,000 of call loans at one time were loaned to the New York Stock Exchange. A large portion of this was farmers' money sent in by banks from all over the country. The stock brokers were compelled to pay from 6 to 12 per cent for bank loans.

My wording of the last sentence is incorrect and gives a wrong impression. Instead it should read:

> The country banks received but 2 per cent on an average for this money, and it was loaned to the stock brokers at about 3½ to 4½ per cent. At the same time the farmers of the United States were compelled to pay for their bank loans from 6 to 12 per cent.

Washington, April 7 Smith W. Brookhart

"Straight-Flung Words and Few"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reason and argument seem to fail. Let us try the effect of a little plain language—what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has called "Straight-flung words and few."

It is perfectly obvious that the present speed of automobiles is excessive, foolish, useless, and deadly. It is a daily and hourly menace to life and limb, and should, of course, be reduced to within safe and reasonable limits.

Two things only stand in the way of such a reasonable and necessary reduction of speed; but those two things constitute the most powerful motives which govern the world, and they are *love of money* and *selfishness*—the profits of the automobile manufacturers and the selfishness of most automobile owners.

The manufacturers think that a reduction of speed would interfere with their sales, and, owing to their possession and control of large sums of money, they have *great influence.* On the other hand, the average owner of an automobile is unwilling to have his *plaything* interfered with by a reduction of its homicidal and useless speed, even though tens of thousands of human beings—men, women, and children—must pay for *his amusement* with *their lives.*

Chicago, March 8 Bertrand Shadwell

Contributors to This Issue

Hendrik W. van Loon is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolerance," etc.

J. Ramsay MacDonald, first Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

Morris L. Ernst is a New York attorney who represented the American Civil Liberties Union recently in the hearing of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

Edgar Mels, as special correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, covered the oil scandal and the Daugherty investigation.

Mei Kuang-ti is instructor in Chinese at Harvard University.

M. A. C. Gorham is on the staff of the *Westminster Gazette* and was a member of Balliol College, Oxford, until 1923.

Vernon L. Parrington is in the English Department in the University of Washington.

Stuart Chase is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste." He is acting as special editorial writer on *The Nation.*

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh is the author of several books on early exploration in the West, among them "A Canyon Voyage," of which a new edition will be issued shortly by the Yale Press.

Winthrop D. Lane has made several investigations into the methods of dealing with criminals in the United States.

Leonard Cox is a New York architect.

Julius Moritzen is editorial director of the Scandinavian Authors' Bureau in America.

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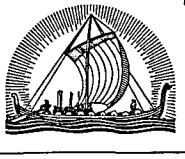

THE VIKING PRESS
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Books, Art, Plays

Flight

By WITTER BYNNER

Drawn on your face:
From brow to brow
The straightness of air;
From brow to nostril
A folded wing;
And in the poise of your mouth
A flight, remembered,
But fallen now
By chin and throat
To the breasting earth.

First Glance

TWICE this space would be insufficient, I fear, for one who attempted even to suggest the richness and importance of the "Memoirs of William Hickey," the publication of which is now happily completed (Knopf: 4 vols.: $5 each). Upon the appearance of the first volume some years ago a storm of applause broke forth in England, and each succeeding volume has enlarged the circle of Hickey's twentieth-century friends both here and in the country of his birth. He made his way more slowly in America, and there are still a great many well-read persons, I believe, who have never heard his name; but I have not the least doubt that he is here to stay. Perhaps this much fame would astound him could he know of it; one cannot say. Returning from India to England when he was sixty, and growing restless in the house called Little Hall Barn where he had thought to pass his remaining years—twenty of them, as it happened—in peace, he set down his life on paper merely, he insists, "for my own amusement" and "that I might in some measure fill up a painful vacuum." He admits that he did consider the possibility of his closely written folio sheets falling into the hands of strangers. One wonders how many such at the most he dreamed of entertaining. For he wrote well. Reviewers in the past few years have compared him to Richardson, Fielding, Defoe, Smollett, Pepys, and Cellini; and the list could be extended to include every plain, vigorous writer on record. If he died unaware of his genius it was a pity—perhaps, even, a tragedy.

Hickey had the one gift which is indispensable either in fiction or in autobiography. He could touch anything to life merely by beginning to talk about it. His editor, Mr. Alfred Spencer, made the claim for him in a preface to the first volume that he had known certain eminent persons of his time, among them Edmund Burke. But his best claim is that he was himself—that, writing for the most part of obscure persons and undistinguished places, and being himself no more than a representative man, he managed nevertheless to impart a deep glow of reality to every portion of the world through which he passed. Everything he did interested him, for he did it impetuously and memorably. And everything he heard seems to have stuck fast in his mind. The actual events of his own life fill only half of his paper, though these are exciting enough—his youthful excesses with women and wine, his exploits on the Thames, his periodical disgraces at home in Twickenham, his voyage to Madras, his return to the ill favor of his father, his sojourn in Jamaica, his pleasures once more in London, his succession of mistresses concluding with Charlotte Barry (who becomes, as someone has said, the heroine of a perfect novel), his middle years in India again, and at last his retreat to Little Hall Barn where he sat while the rain drove all of his memories indoors and kept them there until they got set down. The other half is the world as he saw it with his enkindling eyes. Anecdotes of friends and strangers out of which other men would have made full-length novels are compressed into paragraphs or single pages. Shipwrecks, brawls, duels, heroisms, friendships, loves, deaths, marriages—these, too, whether Hickey was on the identical scene or not, grow to beauty and importance in his brain; these make the pageant in which a young man proudly walks. The "Memoirs" will have to be read hereafter by all who wish to talk of the eighteenth century. A century after his death William Hickey, who did so much and read so little, is an English classic.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Mather-Baiters Baited

Increase Mather, The Foremost American Puritan. By Kenneth B. Murdock. Harvard University Press. $6.

THE Mathers are a cherished Harvard possession, and it is fitting that this full-length portrait of the ablest of the dynasty should have come from a Harvard pen. The thing had long waited to be done, but heretofore scholars had shied away from the dreary hours of labor involved in it. Mr. Murdock has gone about his work with exemplary thoroughness. A scrupulous regard for objective fact and diligent skill in pursuit of it are evident on every page. He has gleaned the last straw and threshed and winnowed his gatherings with such care that very likely not a single "precious truth" has escaped him. It was not easy work; one who does it so conscientiously must lose some sweat. The Mather wheat has so often been accounted tares, and indeed it does so astonishingly resemble tares, that only an expert husbandman can distinguish between them. In this difficult business Mr. Murdock has essayed to become a competent specialist, and he pronounces authoritatively that what has hitherto been rejected is fine grain of the best Puritan nurture. The Mathers were a singularly provocative race and a scholar is prudent who gathers a plentiful stock of data before pronouncing judgment. That Mr. Murdock is extraordinarily well supplied bibliographically is evident, and if he reveals a certain brusque impatience with all who have generalized on less adequate data he is only commending his own labors in a field where none can rival him.

Certain desirable things he has accomplished. He has taken Increase out of the distorting shadow of Cotton; he has traced the intellectual development of the Puritan scholar and made good his contention that the theologian was more widely read than has been commonly assumed; he has emphasized the sincerity of the minister's religion and cleared his skirts of the silly charge of canting hypocrisy. He has done more. He has revealed the man on the human side and shown how able a politician was this Puritan diplomat who pitted his wit against some of the cleverest politicians in England and won the regard of some of the finest minds there. To be sure, he takes somewhat too seriously the casuistries of party intrigue. A touch of political realism and a sense of humor would have served him well in interpreting what after all was a somewhat petty struggle for power. The Mathers had no perspectives, and in dealing with a man who spoke of his nineteen-year-old son as one possessed of "stupendous learning and great piety" a sense

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of humor is a necessary corrective. Unfortunately Mr. Murdock is as guiltless of humor as was old Increase himself, and the figure he paints is less lifelike in consequence.

When Mr. Murdock passes from the realm of fact to the more difficult realm of interpretation he is in deeper waters. Being on the defensive makes him nervous, and a bit irritable, and needlessly controversial. He has caught some of the suspicions of the Mather psychology, and he indulges occasionally in what Cotton would call most emphaticall and Tonitrous argument. The Mather critics seem to him either shallow or malignant, and he corrects their errors of fact with fine scorn. His zeal keeps pace with the Mather zeal, for he believes old Increase to have been almost as great a man as the latter believed himself to be. He would have us think that regardless of all the smoke that rose wherever Increase passed there was really never any fire. He sets out to clean every spot from the minister's gown without quite comprehending the nature of the economic and political puddles through which his hero splashed. He would even have us believe that instead of being a fine old reactionary, an able Puritan Tory, as the present writer after weighing Mr. Murdock's evidence still believes him to have been, Increase Mather was a Puritan liberal, the humane defender of primitive Congregationalism at a time when that Congregationalism was disintegrating under pressure of forces scarcely desirable.

It is a difficult task and one that urges caution in defining one's terms. Here Mr. Murdock is a bit careless. What, for example, does he mean by Congregationalism, a term germane to his whole argument? Does he mean by it the Brownist principle of Separatism—the covenanting together of a group of dissenters from the establishment? To admit as much must play havoc with his later argument, yet at times he seems to mean nothing else. Does he mean that it was doctrinal rather than institutional—a Calvinistic Hebraism based on the Bible? He asserts as much frankly. Does he mean that it presupposed separation of church and state? At times he asserts as much. Does he mean that it was primitive theocracy in which church and state were one? This also he asserts. Does he mean that it was very like Presbyterianism? This perhaps would seem to be his final conclusion. Here are unresolved contradictions to invalidate his whole thesis, yet he finds no difficulty in excusing the supposed defender of Congregationalism for denying the democracy of Congregationalism, on the ground that an oligarchy is sometimes necessary to preserve valuable institutions. Mather was, of course, like so many of his fellow-ministers, effectively a Presbyterian, working for a closer synodical organization of the churches. Franklin called those old churchmen Presbyterians, and a scurrilous libel affixed to Sewall's meeting-house in 1717 dubbed the worshipers "sower-headed Presbyterians." It was precisely this Presbyterianizing tendency of the Mathers that John Wise protested against.

Mr. Murdock's inadequate conception of liberalism is perhaps a chief source of his troubles. The word is vague enough, yet he uses it in a way that few modern liberals would assent to. A single example must suffice. The Anabaptists, he says, "had given trouble in New England. They had installed as minister a man excommunicated from the Congregational church, and, when their meeting-house was closed to them, they persisted in assembling publicly before its barred doors rather than worship unmolested in a private house." To Mather these were attacks upon the true faith and manifest disturbances of the civil peace. Naturally there is some acidity in his strictures on the "blasted Error" of "Antipedobaptism, etc." Suppose now we put the case somewhat differently. A group of dissenters, acting on the Congregational principle of Separatism—Mather's own principle, if we accept one of Mr. Murdock's interpretations—having set up their church, found it closed to them by authority and adopted a policy of passive resistance. Would a liberal have taken it in spleen that they had not hidden themselves away quietly, but instead publicly protested the invasion of their right? It will not do to say that such an interpretation is modern. It was an old interpretation; it was the interpretation of Roger Williams in his dispute with John Cotton. But their ways were scandalous, it may be urged. So always are the ways of those underlings who will not be tyrannized over; and such scandalous ways Roger Williams accepted. Williams, of course, was a radical—very radical indeed in comparison with Increase Mather; he was intellectually curious, open-minded, speculative, serving ideals and principles rather than institutions; and it is by such adequate standards that one may best judge the liberalism or conservatism of the latter. Yet this Mr. Murdock does not do. By comparing Mather with pigmies he makes him out to have been a giant.

VERNON L. PARRINGTON

Fairy Tale

Royal Highness. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THOMAS MANN is a protean figure in whom the only constant element is a remarkably flexible and accomplished style. After the somber "Buddenbrooks" he gave us the three gorgeously colorful stories united in the volume called "Death in Venice," and now he has produced a book which can hardly be called other than simple romance. Beginning with a highly diverting account of the life of a puppet princeling in a poverty-stricken grand duchy of Germany, it proceeds to develop his love affair with the visiting daughter of an American millionaire; and it ends with an epilogue in which the royal pair, having settled the financial and other difficulties of the duchy, live happily ever after. Artfully told and continuously interesting, it is, despite its superficial air of being a realistic novel, only the simplest of fairy tales and thus something of a curiosity in this age when serious novelists generally insist upon "looking facts in the face." The author, weary of the unsatisfying actuality which he pictured in "Buddenbrooks" and weary of the rather gloomy aestheticism which, fully expressed in "Death in Venice," seems to embody his profoundest convictions, has permitted himself the luxury of a happy dream. To the unhappy prince of an unhappy people the fairy princess, laden with untold wealth, appears at the moment when all looks darkest—and behold, the clouds roll away:

> Dr. Krippenreuther puffed out his chest and spoke in the Landtag in favor of an all-round reduction in taxation. A distinct improvement in the pay of the civil service and in the salaries of teachers, clergymen, and all state functionaries was readily voted. Means were now available for restarting the closed-down silver mines; several hundred workmen were given work, and productive veins were unexpectedly struck. Money, money was forthcoming, the standard of economic morality rose; the forests were replanted, the litter was left in the woods, the stock-owners no longer were compelled to sell their milk, they drank it themselves, and the critics would have sought in vain for ill-nourished peasants in the fields. The nation showed gratitude toward their rulers, who had brought so boundless a blessing to land and people.

This brief quotation will serve adequately to define the spirit of the book. Though its characterization is realistic, and though from much the same material might have been made a bitter satire upon the futile life of the princeling whose whole function consists in his appearing at celebrations or in his announcing that he "views with serious concern" this fact or that, it is the element of romance which is allowed always to dominate, and the prince, possessed at last of both money and love, promises to take hereafter a real interest in the economic and other welfare of his people. From the novel one may get some idea of the life in one of the German kingdoms, but all relationship with reality stops here; considered objectively the fable must seem rather futilely fantastic.

Mann is, however, a thoroughly self-conscious writer who loves to speculate upon the character and the function of the

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artist, and he has, I am sure, his own reasons for consenting to embellish with all his art a story so essentially naive. He would, I fancy, maintain that it is set apart from the mere fatuous romance of the Zenda school less by the skill with which it is made half real and half credible than by the fact that it, like the fairy tales which it suggests, gets significance from its relation to the secret dreams of the people for whom it was written even though it bears no such relation to reality. Rendered hopeless by poverty and yet not wholly free from an absurd concern with the faded glories of their monarchical society, his people are in that state of desperation which gives birth to fantasy. Only a *deus ex machina* seems adequate to save them, and in dreams of the day or the night he appears to do so. What if the ogre America, sitting upon his bags of gold, should suddenly, like some genial giant in a fairy tale, throw off the gruff manner he has put on to frighten children and reveal himself as the savior he might be? It is hardly likely, to be sure, that he will; but supposing he should—and a "supposing he should" is the foundation of the fairy tale. It is a comforting dream, and Mann has intended, I take it, that his novel should be not much more than that. Perhaps he has wished incidentally to express a serious hope that some aid from America might help inspire in his people a new resolve and a new optimism; but he can hardly expect any solution so simple as that which he gives in his romantic tale.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Comedy of Oil

The Oil Industry and the Competitive System. By George Ward Stocking. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

POOR old laissez-faire has had rough sledding of late. Not only is the economic logic of mergers and combinations gumming up the runners in fact, but even the learned doctors of philosophy—those to whom the chalice of the Manchester School has descended—are beginning to strew the royal road with rocks and mud. I have noted in these pages what Mr. Walton Hamilton did to the theory of free competition as applied to bituminous coal. Now hard on his heels comes Dr. Stocking, who makes a similar hash of the oil industry.

> The inevitable result of unrestricted competition in the production of crude petroleum has been waste—waste on a scale sufficiently grand to excite the admiration of the most profligate.

We may not be sufficiently profligate to get excited about the waste, but we cannot fail to get excited about the admirable manner in which Dr. Stocking has described it. With chapter and verse, with tolerance and justice, from the oil in the ground to the oil in the carbureter he constructs his shattering indictment against unregulated private property as a method for exploiting an unreclaimable natural resource.

The man in the street will probably never hear of this analysis, and would not listen if he did hear of it. But ten years from now he will wish to God he had heard and listened. Do you drive a car? You will not be driving one indefinitely if free competition continues much longer in oil production. Do you use things made by machinery? Those things are going to jump in price when cheap lubricating oils can no longer be wrung from a failing petroleum supply. Do you use oil for heat or light? You are likely to wish you had stuck to coal.

The winning of oil from the ground has lain, since the first oil well was sunk in 1859, in the province of free competition. It is here that the major wastes are found. But competition in pipe-line transportation has added its quota, while over the areas of refining and ultimate consumption—despite the exertions of the Standard Oil Company—the chaos in the producing fields has flung its baleful influence, and forced wasteful refining and uneconomic consumption.

Dr. Stocking lists six main sources of loss and leakage: (1) Waste due to duplication of wells; (2) waste of gas pressure; (3) waste of gas as fuel; (4) waste of natural gas gasoline; (5) waste due to flooding of oil sands; (6) waste due to technological secrecy. And all six find their origin in competition. An underground oil pool is a geological unit. To yield its contents without waste it must be treated as a geological unit, with just enough wells, just enough pressure control. But a pool is not so treated in America. The land above the pool is marked off into private parcels, while each owner sinks as many wells as he can, as near his neighbor's line as he can, as fast as he can, to collar as much of the pool as he can. Underground oil, alas, has no respect for property laws (page the National Security League); it obeys only geological laws, and rushes to the outlets which arrive first. So the Bureau of Mines gives us a cold-blooded report on the Burkburnett, Oklahoma, pool in which it finds that instead of 2,362 wells, costing $43,407,000, 830 wells, properly spread and costing only $17,430,000, would have done the trick; and done it, furthermore, without the necessity of turning excess oil from gushers into the Red River. Twenty-six million dollars of needless drilling cost to turn good oil into rivers! That is the competitive procedure in a nutshell. Case after documented case is presented for our unhappy inspection.

And the result—from 75 to 90 per cent of our underground petroleum needlessly wasted before it reaches the pipe line. Had intelligence instead of the delirium of speculation and competition governed the pool, and its aftermath, we would now have an assured supply for fifty years, instead of the decade more or less which remains before American petroleum passes from the scene. And won't the flivver drivers howl! And aren't they all good sturdy Coolidge individualists? It remains a ghastly comedy.

STUART CHASE

The Discoverer of Salt Lake

James Bridger: Trapper, Frontiersman, Scout, and Guide. A Historical Narrative. By Cecil Alter. Salt Lake City: Shepard Book Company. Limited Edition. $10.

THE exploratory work by Europeans in our Far West developed slowly. Beginning with the spectacular gold hunt of the Spanish explorer Coronado in 1540, it was terminated only in 1869 by the American scientific investigator John Wesley Powell, when so daringly he solved the latest problem, the problem of the Canyons of the Colorado, in his ardent search for fossils. That same year the completion of the Union Pacific Railway marked the beginning of a marvelous new era of swift commercial development and exploitation of natural resources. The cycle of exploration completed by Powell therefore extended through 329 years, and it may be divided into three major epochs: the Spanish, from 1540 to 1776; the French, from about 1740 to 1800; and the American-English from 1800 to 1869.

Throughout this long exploratory period many unusual characters moved across the field. All were men of action, bold, skilful, persistent. Most of the Americans are now little remembered. The names of Becknell, Aubrey, Provot, Meek, Jed Smith, Carson, Bridger mean little or nothing to the reader of the present hour. But Bridger was one of the most remarkable of a remarkable group. His life and his operations ran through almost the entire American-English period. Not the least of his achievements was the indispensable aid he rendered to officers of our army, and one of them, General G. M. Dodge, has erected the only monument to his memory. Quite appropriately Mr Alter reprints General Dodge's "Biographical Sketch" as a final chapter in this book.

Bridger's first entrance into the region was in 1822, at the age of 18, and thereafter his whole active life was passed in wandering into every corner of it till his failing sight drove him to his home farm, now a part of a Kansas City suburb. There,

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nearly blind, he died in 1881, at the age of 77, longing to return once again with restored vision to his beloved mountains. His last days were miserably occupied in an endeavor to secure from the Government payment for his property on Black's Fork, in Wyoming—the long famous "Fort" Bridger, backed by the superb Uinta range, which he established in 1843 as a refuge and rendezvous for the host of pioneers marching toward homes under the setting sun. In the operations against the Mormons the army took this property as a necessary station, and it remained a military post thereafter. But the sums promised in a written contract, which Mr. Alter gives, were never paid during Bridger's life. After years of haggling, Congress reluctantly recompensed the heirs.

Like others of his kind, Bridger possessed a natural genius for conquering obstacles. To be under the wilderness sky in all seasons for him was to be at home. He could take care of himself precisely as a wild animal can. City life he could not long endure; like all of his class he missed there the moon and stars. Illiterate he was, but he was anything but stupid; he simply did not take the trouble to master an accomplishment which was of little or no use to him. Therefore he kept no diary. For the same reason no letters were sent home. So it is evident that the preparation of his biography offered immense difficulties. Endless volumes and records had to be searched; and the Ned Buntline stories, based on that author's visit to Bridger in 1860 and a trip with him across the Plains, would have been too full of embroidery to be of use. Mr. Alter avoids even a suspicion of embroidery. He presents a vast array of facts that are a valuable addition to the literature of the period through which Bridger moved. Diligence and painstaking research have produced a useful volume. Unfortunately, however, he has blended his materials imperfectly. He has introduced many pages which, while valuable in themselves, are not relevant to his subject. He has been too ambitious to exhaust the field; has tried too liberally to cover not only Bridger's affairs but those of many others.

Bridger is credited with the discovery of Salt Lake, and he certainly was the first to stand on its shore and taste its waters, though he left the exploration to others. He is also generally given credit, with Fitzpatrick and Provot, for having first gone through South Pass, but it is not certain that they were first; it is not certain, as Mr. Alter suggests, that Robert Stuart and his party, in 1812, did not traverse the Pass. Stuart's diary appears to describe the Pass.

Mr. Alter is a bit too positive at times as to the movements of some of the trappers and traders he discusses, yet all in all his book is extremely valuable and dependable.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

The Budding Bandit

The Young Delinquent. By Cyril Burt. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

THE young delinquent is parent to the adult criminal. If the dare-devils, the smart users of guns, the fellows who snatch gems out of cases in jewelry stores, hold up Wall Street messengers, blow safes, knock subway coin-changers over the head, and otherwise create small reigns of terror in American cities—or in American newspapers—would tell the true stories of their lives, many of them would reveal that they had been marauders as youngsters. This is one of the first things to strike an observer of criminals. A considerable percentage of the inmates of Sing Sing began to be law-violators as children; if A. A. Milne were to sketch their careers he could produce a sinister and revolting kind of "When We Were Very Young." We send them away in large numbers to institutions for juveniles, "industrial schools," reformatories, and the like; what we should try to do instead is to understand them.

Mr. Burt's book is a study, from first-hand notes and observation, of all the influences which have converged to produce a group of young devils. He is professor of education in the University of London, but he is also psychologist to the Education Department of the London County Council; and as such he has seen hundreds of rapscallions and childish adventurers go through his hands. He has studied them with the methods of the modern psychologist and student of personality. Here are chapters on hereditary conditions, environmental influences, physical states and irritations, intellectual characteristics, defective minds, emotional instabilities, instincts, complexes, and neuroses. The book is, in part, a study in abnormal child psychology. Mr. Burt is not writing for the specialist, his purpose being to examine "in plain and popular language the causes of youthful delinquency and the more effective ways of treating it." His suggestions for treatment can often be followed by teachers, intelligent parents, probation officers, heads of institutions, and others; it would be a good thing for judges to read the book, and all who help to frame society's way of meting out "justice" to young offenders. The pages are illuminated with stories of some of the baffling imps who have enlivened Mr. Burt's life.

The book is thus in the best current tradition. Mr. Burt does not sit back in an easy chair and deliver himself of hit-or-miss conclusions which are unrelated to the facts, as writers on crime have been prone to do in the past. He goes to the criminal for the facts. In method and scope the book invites comparison with Dr. Healy's "The Individual Delinquent," the pioneer effort in this particular approach to the criminal. Some of the author's psychological classifications will be objected to by other psychologists, and a too ardent use of the statistical method is observable at points; but these do not mar the real importance of the work.

The causes of criminal conduct are complex, and it is necessary to study individual offenders before knowing what to do with them. This is made clear by the list of conditions contributing to waywardness drawn up by Mr. Burt on the basis of the children he studied. He has tried to place these in the order of their importance: (1) Defective discipline; (2) specific instincts; (3) general emotional instability; (4) morbid emotional conditions, mild rather than grave, generating or generated by so-called complexes; (5) a family history of vice or crime; (6) intellectual disabilities, such as backwardness or dulness; (7) detrimental interests, such as a passion for adventure or for the cinema; (8) developmental conditions; (9) a family history of intellectual weakness; (10) defective family relationships. There are others, but these are enough; "poverty and its concomitants" comes fourteenth. This list is suggestive, yet still not conclusive. The job of reforming young offenders is tremendously important, but it cannot be handled through the legal penalties commonly imposed by society for unlawful conduct. Something more personal and individualized is necessary. Mr. Burt describes how this has been achieved.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Books in Brief

The Swedes and Their Chieftains. By Werner von Heidenstam. Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stork. American-Scandinavian Foundation. $2.

Although it was intended chiefly for young readers, von Heidenstam's volume wins the dignity of a mature chronicle. The crucial instances of Swedish history from the Stone Age to the beginning of the nineteenth century pass in review through a dignified and vivid prose that turns the dust of the past into a living garment. The great men are never made to strut like tinpot musketeers, nor does von Heidenstam ever use history for the sake of jingoism.

The Road to Town. By Charles Divine. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

A single rhythm, that of the sonnet line, and a single subject, a village as it changes from old plank walks to mac-

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adam roads, from barn to service station, gives to this volume of verse the matter-of-fact gait of prose. Certain of the character sketches are humane and humorous; there are touches, now and again, of valid, wistful poetry.

The Region Cloud. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

When Mr. Lubbock turns from "The Craft of Fiction" to the craft of his own fiction he discloses the craft of Henry James. This is a study of the conflict of two men of genius done in the James manner with a kind of golden serene beauty but without the full subtlety of the James mind or the substance which even a James novel must own.

January Garden. By Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

No single piece in this book achieves the miracle of being poetry, and yet most of the inclusions show an awareness of the sensuous world which is one of poetry's strongest roots. The rhymes are obstrusive. The feeling for rhythm is poor, and most of the lyrics jerk like marionettes in unskilful hands.

Episodes & Epistles. Poems by W. L. Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

A curious melange. Some of the pieces remind one of E. E. Cummings, others of Gertrude Stein, one is a poor imitation of Carl Sandburg, and at the close there is a classical sonnet sequence. But the book forbids hasty dismissal. Just as a given poem begins to shape, some ineptitude of phrase or rhythm or a clanking rhyme makes a mess of it. Yet there are fine images, and there is the stamp of masculinity all over W. L.'s work. The poet is sensitive to the terrifying beauty of the ageless elements and to the ugly cruelty of our own time.

Art

The Crime of 1893

RECENTLY there has sprung up in critical circles the curious idea that the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 was a disaster in the annals of American art. We are told over and over again that Sullivan, Adler, Richardson, and others were just beginning to lead American architectural design forth from the wilderness when along came Hunt, Burnham, and McKim, who, though (or because?) gentlemen, were not *au fond* great creative artists, to thrust it back into a state of desuetude. Writing long after the fact, critics point out how much more daring and original the Auditorium and Trinity Church are than, say, the Vanderbilt house, Washington Union Station, and the Columbia Library. With beautiful phrases they prove this to be true and hammer home their conclusions until there can be, apparently, no dissenting voice. It seems too bad that the great American public should have been led astray these many years.

It seems too bad also that this line of reasoning should be largely tosh. Judged by purely academic standards it is entirely sound, but in so judging we forget the source from which we draw those standards. We forget that to be brilliant and individualistic was thirty-five years ago the conventional thing to be, and that there then existed in this country no criteria of judgment whatever except the native colonial and early republican architecture. This architecture, mostly domestic, had at best a very tenuous connection with truly classic tradition, and that connection had almost entirely been forgotten. Therefore the twenty years from 1873, when the panic was followed by a great building boom, to 1893 saw a vast revival of architecture in the physical sense with no accompanying spiritual revival.

Fortunate accident decreed that the World's Fair should fall into the hands of men who believed that one must learn to walk before running, who went back to first principles, so far as they were known in that day, to set a standard of taste from which to work. So firmly was this standard set that it has affected all architectural training until today. It has sent men to Paris and Rome to imbibe at the source the streams of classical knowledge. It has made the archaeologist exhume more and more relics of the actual classic. It has caused the philosopher to search the pages of ancient writings to find a little more light. All of these men working together have elevated American architecture to the plane it now occupies. They have brought forth a true and profound understanding of the classic. Along the way they may have digressed, perhaps, into paths of pure formulism and eclecticism; but they have always come back to the main road.

Their reward is now at hand. Their thirty-five-year term of hard labor and harder teaching has produced at last its perfect result: the smart young critic of today. He has grasped all that has been taught him and, led on by that economic horror the skyscraper and the New York zoning law, has cast off the last few remaining shackles and stepped forth into perfect freedom—until tomorrow. What would have been the result had Sullivan, Richardson, and their followers built the World's Fair? Exactly the same! The only difference would have been in the time element. Their vigorous personal styles were as brilliantly unsound as that of Michelangelo and would probably have done as much harm. Imagine a hundred per cent American baroque! Eventually, however, a return to the classic would have ensued: a period of insistence upon traditional motives, and finally a slow but sure understanding of the great truth that classicism is not a tradition but a point of view and that in that point of view is the history of man.

Instead of coming in a distant future that truth is ours today. From now on the history of a real American architecture is to be written. It will be an architecture that is new, daring, virile. It will be of today, that is, modern, and it will be truly classic as well, for modernism is classicism understood.

As that great architectural style is slowly evolved it behooves the youthful artist to remember that its roots were firmly planted on the shores of Lake Michigan and that it is because they are so planted that he knows that the mere repetition of classic formulae is not art. Groping upward slowly from the bottom, it is not unnatural that he should envy and sometimes seek to emulate those picaresque characters of the Age of Innocence who were sufficient unto themselves largely because they knew nothing else upon which to depend. Feeling thus he growls at and derides his aesthetic progenitors; but in the long run he will come back to their teachings and realize that they were unveiling the truth that he might know it and thereby attain to the better things. When, if ever, American architecture seems about to go on the rocks again we may hope that gentlemen of commanding personalities like Hunt, Burnham, and McKim will appear whose breadth of vision and depth of feeling shall lead them to commit another such crime.

LEONARD COX

Drama

The Good Old Days

IN general, theories of progress leave me cool. For all I know the world has not greatly improved; the inhabitant of the twentieth century may not be much better off than was the inhabitant of the twelfth. Perhaps poetry has steadily declined since the days of Homer and perhaps philosophy died with Aristotle; and yet there is one thing of which I am perfectly sure, and that is that during the last three-quarters of a century plays have improved. For the Victorian novel or for Victorian ethics some case may be made; it might even be possible to argue that the maiden in pantalets was superior to the flapper in riding breeches; but so far as the drama is concerned the

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legend of the good old days hasn't a leg to stand on. Oil lamps may be preferable to electric lights and the telephone may be an invention of the devil; all modern science may be a misfortune and the Book of Genesis a sounder foundation for society than the "Origin of Species"; but if there is one thing in which improvement can be indisputably demonstrated it is the drama, and considering it is almost enough to make me an optimist. At our forefathers I have no desire to sneer, for they wrote great books and did great deeds; but when they entered the theater they left their brains behind and they descended one and all to a level some fathoms below that of the average devotee of the cinema. If we had to judge the Victorian age by its plays alone we should be justified in concluding that its general intelligence was that of a twelve-year-old child, and though this fact can doubtless be explained it remains a fact which any "revival" is bound to demonstrate.

Consider, for example, "The Two Orphans" (Cosmopolitan Theater), now being given a good deal more than a fair show with a genuine all-star cast in which a group of thoroughly trained actors like Robert Warwick, Robert Loraine, Wilton Lackaye, and May Robson do their best to make the play impressive. I know of no better play written between 1800 and 1880 which was successful on the stage, and yet in our time seventy-five plays, each revealing more traces of a genuine grasp of life, are produced on Broadway every year—even though, as I readily grant, this is not saying very much for most of the seventy-five. Nor am I by any means confusing mere change in tradition with improvement. Discount if you like all that may be regarded as mere fashion; forgive the authors the terrible fatuity of their insistence upon what seems to us the obvious, and accept the priggishness which permits the heroes to refer admiringly to their own "manhood" and the heroines to speak complacently of their "innocence"; yet the fact remains that such a play as "The Two Orphans" is essentially and inevitably trivial because the timidity of its authors led them to deal with a situation which nowhere involves any of the problems of real life. Inhumanly perfect heroes are matched against inhumanly evil villains; and when we say that the plot is artificial we are saying a good deal more than is at first apparent, for we are saying that the authors and their audience were both deliberately avoiding the unartificial because they knew that in everything taken from real life conflicts would be involved and doubts raised which they were afraid to face. The artificial plot permits you to range conventional virtue against conventional vice, but in every human situation is involved the real complexity of the moral order. That complexity we do attempt in some way to envisage, but the Victorian dramatists, almost without exception, turned their eyes away from it and evolved into some mere mechanical simplification of life; and in that fact lies our unquestionable superiority. Future generations may find our plays in many ways bad enough. They may find them muddled, intemperate, blatant, and preposterously wrong; but they cannot possibly find them bad in the way that "The Two Orphans" is bad, because at the very least we are making an attempt, however bungling it may be, to deal with the significant materials of existence.

The drama is sometimes said to be in a bad way and in a sense it is and always has been, for in any age the bad plays, poems, and novels outnumber the good ones; but there is nothing like a revival to put any frequenter of the theater into a glow of enthusiasm for the modern theater.

"Glory Hallelujah" (Broadhurst Theater) is a play based upon much the same idea as that embodied in "The Deluge" of several years ago. It assumes an impending destruction of the world and traces the effect of the belief that they are soon to die upon a group of men and women collected in a cheap hotel. Like most plays based upon an intellectual conception of this sort it never achieves any interest profounder than that of novelty. It is cleverly managed, well acted, and ingenious; but clever manipulation and ingenuity do no more than produce a sort of semi-conviction and a mild desire to see how it will turn out. "Beau Gallant" (Ritz Theater) deals with the life of a modern Beau Brummel who thinks that since he is one of the few gentlemen living the world owes him a living. It is fairly amusing. "The Half-Caste" (National Theater) is another of those plays about the irresistible charms of a South Sea vamp and white men who "go native."

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Sam Harris Theater), a comedy by Messrs. Weaver and Abbott, is composed of much the same blend of sentiment and smartness which goes to the making of Mr. Weaver's poems "in American." The plot is thin and conventional, but it is made into a genuinely amusing comedy by the raciness of the dialogue.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Protest of the Swedish Importers

By JULIUS MORITZEN

AN important problem in international relations is involved in the recent action of Swedish importers in regard to the seizure of their goods by the British authorities during the war. In the spring of 1925 an organization was formed known as the Association of Swedish Creditors of Great Britain (Foreningen Englands Svenska Fordringsaegare). It is composed of leading Swedish importers whose cargoes were largely carried on Swedish vessels and were, it is alleged, without exception intended during the war for home consumption in Sweden. The losses which the importers claim were incurred are approximately estimated at between five and six million pounds sterling.

In a pamphlet just issued as an "Appeal to British Commercial Opinion" the association sets forth in detail the history of what transpired during the war under the British blockade. It is worthy of notice in the same connection that the Swedish *Wholesalers' Times*, the official organ of the Wholesalers' Association of Sweden, in its issue of March 15, calls attention to the action of the Swedish importers and approves it.

> It may perhaps seem inopportune at the present moment [reads the appeal], when every endeavor is being directed toward a reconstruction of what the World War destroyed in various spheres and toward a revival of the idea of international understanding, to recall years and events which undoubtedly represent what hitherto is the darkest page in the history of Europe. But the great liquidation drama of the years succeeding the war has not yet been played to a finish, and it must in all probability be considered necessary that the bases of the growing confidence between the nations, which must constitute a lasting, peaceful intercourse in the future, must be constructed of as stable a nature as possible.

With this principle as a basis the importers of Sweden laid before the commercial circles of Great Britain their views and demands in a matter which has been the subject of heated discussion in their ranks for years and for the final settlement of which they, in spite of all opposition and all difficulties, have never relinquished hope.

The pamphlet calls attention to the fact that when the British blockade policy was instituted the governments of the three Scandinavian countries immediately lodged a protest in which it was maintained that

> the freedom of the seas and the indefeasible right of neutrals to use all common routes for intercommunications have also been restricted and curtailed by demands whose aim it is to enjoin neutral vessels to follow certain routes, or to call at certain ports, notwithstanding the fact that the neutral Powers have given no valid reasons for suspicion that might account for, still less justify, the restrictions in question.

This note of protest, says the statement of the importers, was followed by a statement in the House of Commons by the present Earl of Oxford, who, as Mr. Asquith, was then Prime Minister, to the effect that, according to the so-called Declaration of London, conditional contraband might not be seized. The Prime Minister pointed out that if the British Government adopted a strong attitude in that respect it would come into collision with the legal national rights of the neutral Powers. However, this is rather ancient history, and is merely set forth here as bearing on the present situation.

The Swedish importers are mainly aggrieved over what they consider the unjust treatment meted out to them while the importers in the other Scandinavian countries received full remuneration without difficulty. It ought to be stated that after lengthy negotiations and discussions with all the Swedish importers an offer was at last made by Great Britain in the fall of 1919 to conclude a definite liquidation of the Swedish claims in the form of a general compensation to the owners of the goods amounting to 50 per cent of the value of the goods seized—irrespective of whether they were already being dealt with by the Prize Court, had not reached that stage, or been discharged by the court.

> In such circumstances [says the present statement] it was more than comprehensible that many importers, forced to do so by their economic distress, signed the agreement in the hope that full compensation would be voluntarily paid by Great Britain when a peaceful and less irritated atmosphere gradually made its way back into the intercourse of nations. Several others, on the other hand, did not accept this contract, as they were of the opinion that they were so entirely free from guilt that they, notwithstanding their precarious position and the threat of no compensation at all, calculated that a payment of their demands simply must be forthcoming in the long run. But the British authorities have hitherto coldly rejected every application for compensation for this latter category also. It should be added in this connection that even the 50 per cent was only a nominal compensation, in so far as Great Britain debited heavy costs for storage, unloading and loading, etc., so that the refunds in reality only amounted to approximately 40 per cent of the value of the seized goods.

The Swedish importers consider the question aggravated in the highest degree by the payment in full made to the Norwegian and Danish claimants. They say:

> In such circumstances it can be realized that a widespread opinion among the Swedish importers is inclined to discern in Britain's mode of action a conscious intention to make a number of defenseless merchants suffer for dissatisfaction in official British circles with the general foreign policy of Sweden during the war. Apart from the fact that dispassionate thinkers can find no legitimate remarks to make against the neutrality course adopted by the Swedish authorities, it is obviously contrary to all standards of international justice to make private persons pay the penalty for an offense which a state, as such, may be considered to have committed.

The pamphlet then asks whether there are political or other motives behind the difference in treatment accorded Sweden from that which was granted to Denmark and Norway.

Sweden has heretofore been a very important market for British products. As for the future:

> The fact is that Great Britain's behavior toward the Swedish importers has in a high degree shaken the confidence which the latter have of old been accustomed to entertain for a British sense of fair play toward other nations and their citizens in commercial transactions. British products and British enterprises enjoy an estab-

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lished reputation on the Swedish market and they have been gaining ground to an increasing extent. Our importers desire to stand in the best relations to Great Britain and her commercial world and are a priori disposed to encourage and stimulate the endeavors of British exporters in augmenting business in Sweden. But—and this ought to be readily understood by British business opinion—as long as the British state opposes a reasonable and fair settlement of its differences with the importers in Sweden the latter will always feel suspicious and adopt a reserved attitude toward business with Great Britain.

Here, then, is the crux of the situation. Whatever the actual merits of the Swedish claim, the fact cannot be overlooked that a serious problem has arisen in regard to the trade of the two countries. Nor should the comparison with Russia be ignored:

> The association which has been formed in Great Britain of persons in that country with claims against Russia has indisputably exactly analogous aims to the Association of Swedish Creditors of Great Britain, although the claims, on the one hand, are against a primitive, revolutionary, society; on the other hand, against a Western cultured society.

The appeal of the Swedish importers, in its English translation, has been sent to not only the leading business houses of Great Britain but to every member of the British Parliament, to trade organizations, and other bodies. The *Manchester Guardian*, with its readiness to aid in anything tending to establish better relations between nations, calls on the authorities either to refute the claims or else make such reparations as will eventually lead to a clearing of the atmosphere between Great Britain and Sweden.

The Liquor Fight in India

SIR LESLIE WILSON is the Governor of Bombay. He came to the Governorship of Bombay from the British House of Commons, where he was a member of Parliament and the chief whip of the Conservative Party—the party which was led by Sir George Younger, now Lord Younger, one of England's greatest brewers.

Sir Leslie Wilson has refused permission (under Section 80 of the Government of India Act of 1919) to Mr. R. G. Pradhan, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, to introduce for discussion a bill providing for local option as a step toward prohibition. Mr. Pradhan had given notice of this bill subsequent to the adoption by the All-India Legislature—where the Swarajists (Home Rulers) are in a majority—of a resolution declaring that prohibition was to be the ultimate goal of the excise policy of the British Government in India.

Mr. Pradhan pressed for permission and when it was finally refused he gave notice of a motion calling upon the Hon. A. M. Dehlavi, Minister of Excise, to resign his office, as he had lost the confidence of the Council by his lukewarm and unsatisfactory policy in general and in particular by his failure to present, resist, or effectively express his disagreement with the Governor's action in disallowing the introduction and discussion of the bill. This motion of censure was also disallowed by the President of the Council on the ground that the Governor alone and not the Government as a whole or the Minister of Excise was responsible for refusing the sanction to the introduction of the bill.

Mr. Pradhan then moved a resolution in the Council asking for a small committee consisting of Council mem-

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bers and financial experts to consider and report on financial measures that should be introduced in order to give full effect to the policy of prohibition. The Minister of Excise accepted the resolution, and said that it was hardly possible to reach the goal of prohibition without solving the enormous financial difficulty involved.

In the British House of Commons on November 23 Colonel Wedgwood asked the Under Secretary of State for India whether, seeing that the introduction of Mr. Pradhan's modified local option bill into the Bombay Legislature was vetoed by the Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, he would say on what grounds the Secretary of State had refused permission to allow discussion on this subject.

EARL WINTERTON: Sir Leslie Wilson did not consult my noble friend before refusing to allow the introduction of this bill.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: May I ask whether Sir Leslie Wilson has given any grounds for his refusal to allow discussion of this bill?

MR. WARDLAW-MILNE: Is it not the practice that no grounds need be given?

SIR HENRY CRAIK: Is it not the policy of the Secretary of State to leave to local governments and governors discretion in these matters?

EARL WINTERTON: The answer to all three questions is, I think, that it is within the statutory competence of the Governor of Bombay to refuse to allow the bill to be introduced, and there is no obligation upon him, under law or by statutory practice, to give any reason for so doing.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: May I ask whether, in view of the moderate character of this bill, we are to understand that the Governor will not allow any discussion of any question of local option?

EARL WINTERTON: That is a question, if I may say so, that I do not think I am entitled to answer.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: Will the noble lord——

SIR H. CRAIK: On a point of order. Is it not the rule that the proper place for questions of this sort is the Legislature of Bombay, and not here?

MR. SPEAKER: I did not see anything in the original question to which I could take objection, but I do not think the matter ought to be pursued.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: What I wanted to ascertain was whether we in this House can find out in any way the grounds of the Governor's objection to this bill.

MR. SPEAKER: That has been already answered by the Minister.

LIEUT. COL. SIR FREDERICK HALL: Is it to the advantage of this House or the administration of Indian affairs that matters of this kind should be discussed, question and answer, in the way the right honorable gentleman is doing?

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: I do not wish to fly in the face of your ruling, Mr. Speaker, but are we not entitled to find out what actuates the Governor in preventing this discussion?

MR. SPEAKER: It is not a matter for this House.

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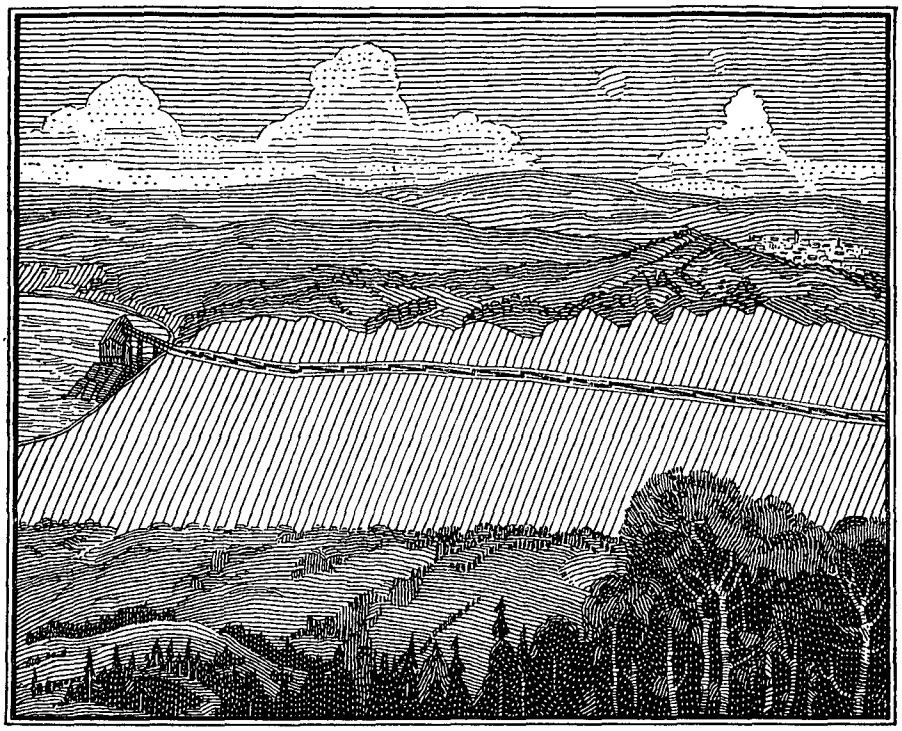

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